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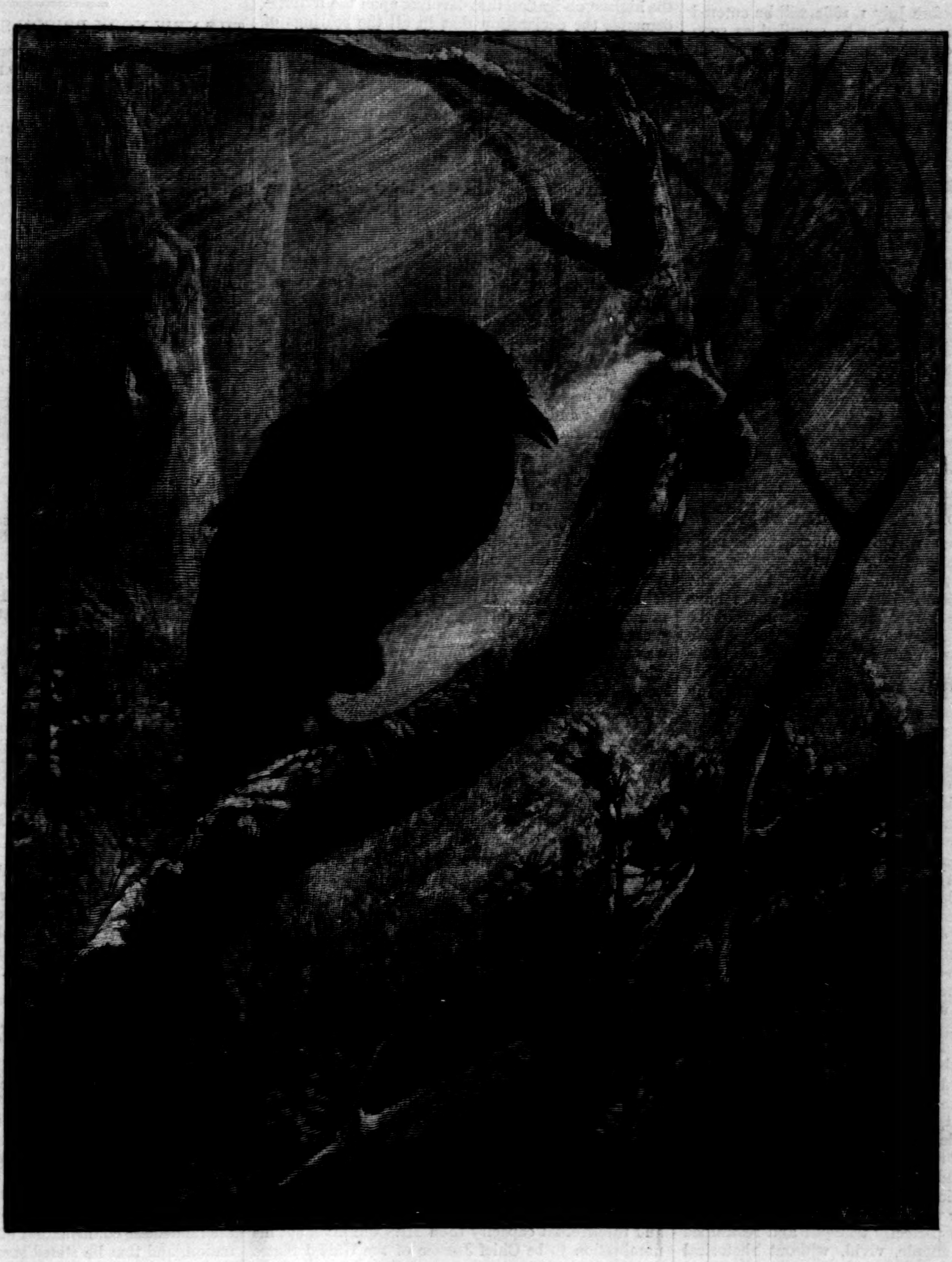


"THE OLD CROW'S LAMENT."—From a Painting by William H. Beard.

An old crow sat, one winter's morn,
High up on a sapless limb;
There was no refuge from the storm
That worried and pelted him.

His eye was dim with unbidden tears,
And chattered his beak with cold;
His plumage was torn by the wear of years,
His talons were weak and old.

In low sad notes he made his plaint
To the howling of the blast:
He scarce was heard—his voice was faint—
By the rude winds whirling past.

They lifted his plumage to the sleet,
And shrieked with demoniac glee,
Pressed him to leave his cheerless seat—
Oh, wretched and sad was he!

"I merit," said he, "a better fate.
I've kept the creed of my kind;
Have ever provoked the farmer's hate,
And strewn his hopes to the wind;

"I pluck his corn that springs from earth;
I gather the wheat he sows;
Have pestered him from my very birth—
And that's the religion of crows."

William H. Beard.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1882.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

VOLUMES OF HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, AND HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS beg leave to state that all orders for the back numbers of HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, previous to January, 1878, should be sent in before July 1, 1882. After that date it is their intention to preserve back numbers of their periodicals for three years only.

Orders received before July 1, 1882, will be entered on their order books, and will be supplied as soon after July 1 as they can be printed.

In accordance with their advertisement of January 31, 1880, the plates and the numbers of the WEEKLY and BAZAR previous to 1870 have been destroyed, and they therefore can not supply any numbers prior to that time.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 123, published March 7, contains a charming fairy tale by MISS AIMÉE RAYMOND, *entitled "Father Time's Dilemma," with front-page illustration by* MRS. JESSIE SHEPHERD, *and a regular boys' story by* MR. W. O. STODDARD, *entitled "The Last of the Ice," with two illustrations. These, together with the Serial Story, which increases in interest as the grand dénouement approaches, offer a bright variety of innocent and entertaining fiction.*

Among the articles of a more instructive character is the conclusion of MR. JAMES PAYN'S *thrilling description of the adventures of Philip Ashton, given under the head of "Perils and Privations." There is an interesting account of "The Invention of the Stocking-Loom," and an admirable article on Music, from the pen of* MRS. JOHN LILLIE, *entitled "Something about Sonatas."*

Minor articles and sketches give variety to the paper, while the illustrations, which contain more than usual of the comic element, make it specially bright and attractive.

MR. BLAINE'S ORATION UPON GARFIELD.

NO memorial address was ever delivered under more difficult circumstances, or more admirably and honorably avoided those difficulties, than that of Mr. BLAINE upon President GARFIELD. It would have been easy to deliver a chronological narrative of the events of the late President's life. It would have been no less easy for an adroit orator to arouse partisan and personal animosity, and to make the occasion serve a selfish ambition. But for Mr. BLAINE to say of GARFIELD at this time and in that presence not only what is true, but what ought to be said; to say it strongly, truly, and simply, so that the best friend of GARFIELD should feel that nothing had been slurred or evaded, and his bitterest opponent acknowledge that there was no misstatement, or innuendo, or unfair implication; and in saying it to eliminate entirely his own personality—this was, for the orator and for the occasion, the greatest triumph, and this, as the last touching words of his discourse fell soberly and tenderly from his lips, every listener in that vast and remarkable audience felt that he had achieved. The orator must speak of the rebellion, and there before him sat WADE HAMPTON and his colleague BUTLER, and all the "brigadiers." He must speak of GARFIELD'S military career culminating on a field that was lost, and there was General ROSECRANS, who had commanded the army. He must speak of the last political campaign, and directly below him sat GARFIELD'S manly and honorable opponent. He must touch—for avoidance would have been mere cowardice—the burning point of the controversy from whose passions flew the fatal bullet, and his eyes looked straight into those of the President. He must speak of the contemplated policy of the GARFIELD administration suddenly frustrated, and before him was the new cabinet. These are illustrations of the situation, and of this situation the orator was master.

The oration was perfectly tranquil and restrained in tone; serious, simple, vivid, without rhetorical flights, well balanced and moderate in expression, and throughout of a sad sobriety. It was skillfully and lucidly arranged, without the weariness of dates or perplexing detail of incident. The salient divisions of GARFIELD'S life were massed, each by itself, and the story moved naturally and with increasing interest to the end. There was no touch of impassioned eloquence, in the sense of appeal and abandonment to mere emotion, but every word was significant and essential to the completeness of the effect. Its tranquil simplicity was the subtlest art. There were passages, indeed, which were susceptible of particular interpretation and application, such as the description of HENRY CLAY'S attitude toward JOHN TYLER, and of GARFIELD'S opinion that our continental relations might be cultivated into profitable friendship or abandoned to harmful indifference or lasting enmity. But the statements were general, and can not be in themselves challenged. To this comprehensive view, this graphic narrative, this sober and chastened tone of the address, the manner of the orator was perfectly conformed. Throughout the hour and a half of the delivery he stood quietly resting his hands upon the sides of the little desk, raising them only once or twice, and in clear measured cadences he read the discourse. His manner, like the address, was free from any excess or highly wrought feeling. Mr. BLAINE spoke deliberately throughout. At times he must have been deeply moved, but his voice was never broken, and was grave and firm to the end. The passage in which the final and fatal controversy of GARFIELD'S life was treated was spoken with a dignity that was pathetic from its noble and tender reserve. It was heard with absorbed attention. There was no sound but the measured voice of the speaker, and every face was turned to his. As he said, soberly but with deep feeling, "more than this need not be said. Less than this could not be said. Justice to the dead—the highest obligation that devolves upon the living—demands the declaration that in all the bearings of the subject, actual or possible, the President was content in his mind, justified in his conscience, immovable in his conclusions"—the highest point of interest and feeling and truth in the discourse was reached, and as the orator turned to another topic, the great audience drew a long breath, and felt that what must be said had been said most fitly.

Indeed, the word in the resolution of the thanks of Congress that the address was "appropriate," if understood in its amplest significance, is the word most descriptive of this oration. It was worthy of the great occasion. It depicted GARFIELD in colors naturally warm, but brilliant only with the truth. The impression which it leaves of his character and life is that which careful study of them would undoubtedly give. Much more could have been said in detail, and the character might have been more variously analyzed. But it was an oration, not a book, and the thanks of every American who is honorably proud of America may well be joined to those of Congress for so sober and simple and winning a portrait of a true and typical American citizen.

MR. CONKLING AND THE BENCH.

No nomination by the President could have surprised the country more than that of Mr. CONKLING to be an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and upon none of the President's actions has such universal and vigorous comment been made. It will be conceded that the moment selected for the nomination was unfortunate. The eve of the last great national commemoration of President GARFIELD was not wisely chosen as the time to honor the person whose quarrel with the late President will be always associated with his death. But President ARTHUR'S regard and admiration for Mr. CONKLING are well known, and it has been expected that some demonstration of them would be made. Perhaps, however, the position with which he had been least connected in popular expectation was that of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court.

For that position the public mind instinctively turns to the great lawyers of the country. Lofty character, legal learning, acute intellect, and the judicial mind are the qualities which naturally designate a judge. In our traditions of the Supreme Bench, JAY and MARSHALL and STORY were men of that kind; and the manner in which President GRANT'S nomination of Mr. WILLIAMS to be Chief Justice of the United States was received by the country, and that in which the country received President ARTHUR'S nomination of Judge GRAY, is an illustration of the quick national perception of high propriety in dealing with so great an office. It is enough to say in the present case that as the nomination of Judge GRAY was received with universal approval, that of Mr. CONKLING was received with universal amazement. This is not because he has been a politician. JAY and MARSHALL and STORY had all been politicians. But Mr. CONKLING'S career as a politician has not impressed the country with confidence in him as a magistrate upon the highest bench. Mr. CALEB CUSHING was an infinitely abler lawyer, and of much greater learning and intellectual capacity than Mr. CONKLING, but his nomination to be Chief Justice of the United States produced a kind of consternation in the country. General GRANT, who nominated both Mr. WILLIAMS and Mr. CUSHING to that dignity, is understood to have offered it also to Mr. CONKLING, whose declination of that honor is one of his public services which is gratefully acknowledged by the country. The public judgment undoubtedly is that, however clever as a politician, Mr. CONKLING is singularly unfitted to be a judge, and this conviction is so strong that it would be very long, in the event of his acceptance, before it would be generally believed that he had renounced the arena of patronage politics.

The assertion and reiteration that he is not a venal man is pointless unless it be intended as an insinuation that other Associate Justices are corrupt. Surely it will not be urged as a cardinal qualification for the Supreme Bench that a man does not pick pockets. A judge must of course be honest, but honesty alone does not fit a man to be a judge. Those who allege that the President intended by the nomination to silence a quarrelsome politician do the President the serious injustice of supposing him to regard the great trust confided to him as an opportunity for gratifying his private friendships or disposing of troublesome persons. The President can perform no graver official duty than that of appointing the members of one of the three co-ordinate branches of the government. We have often differed with President ARTHUR, and his political methods and associations have been other than those which seem to us to be best. But we do not believe that he would trifle with his great responsibility by nominating a man to the Supreme Bench merely because he personally liked him, or merely to put him out of the way. We do not doubt that he believes the nomination of Mr. CONKLING to be entirely fitting. But in that opinion we have no doubt that he differs widely from the best judgment of the country and of his party.

THE NEW YORK PRISON SUPERINTENDENT.

GOVERNOR CORNELL is reported to have given his reasons for nominating Mr. BAKER in the place of Mr. PILSBURY as Superintendent of State-prisons. The report in the *Tribune* is as follows:

> "'Mr. PILSBURY was superseded for two reasons. He has shown that he has not the capacity to manage the prisons on business principles, but has continually manipulated the patronage for political and personal objects. He was appointed with the idea of taking the prisons out of politics. Yet he had scarcely been appointed when he began to manipulate the prison appointments.' The Governor then cited several well-known instances in support of his assertion. Continuing, he said: 'He has also permitted members of the Legislature to dictate appointments. Throughout his term he seems to have been in a tremor of fear lest he might be removed, and has sought to placate politicians by giving them offices in the prisons. He has remained in Albany during the legislative sessions, wasting time that ought to have been given to the administration of the prisons. He has left the entire administration of the prisons apparently to the wardens. His persistent efforts to have the convict labor contracts renewed at the old rate of fifty cents a day was a remarkable exhibition for an officer who had the interests of the State at heart. I have told Mr. BAKER that he must take and keep the prisons out of politics, and that he must make no removals or appointments in the prisons for political reasons, that his sole guide must be the efficiency of the service, and that the prisons must be conducted solely upon business principles. Mr. BAKER is a man of large business capacity, and I am confident he will give the State a prudent and economical management.'"

It must be assumed, of course, that the Governor is satisfied that Mr. BAKER'S antecedents show that he will follow these directions, and be more desirous and capable of keeping the State-prisons out of politics than the Governor thinks Mr. PILSBURY to have been. It is gratifying to observe that the Governor forbids political appointments and removals in the prisons, and insists that their business shall be conducted solely upon business principles.

But there is no argument for this course applicable to the prisons which is not equally applicable to the canals. If the persons employed in prisons should be selected and displaced with sole regard to their honesty and efficiency, the same rule should govern the management of the canals. The new Superintendent's course will be very narrowly watched to see if he justifies the Governor's expectations.

STONES FROM GLASS HOUSES.

SENATOR HOAR has been roundly abused for his reported remarks in the executive session of the Senate objecting to the immediate consideration of Mr. CONKLING'S nomination. He is said to have been very earnest and very vituperative. What is said in the executive session, however, is always secret, and can not easily be known. But as Mr. HOAR is known to have said, pleasantly, a day or two after his reported fury, that he had lately seen himself accused in the newspapers of remarks which he never made, it may be suspected that he may have had this particular accusation in mind. He was also said to have called instantly upon the President to deprecate Executive wrath. The fact was that in pursuance of an arrangement made before the nomination, the Senator called at the White House to introduce a gentleman from Massachusetts.

It is very probable that Senator HOAR objected to the immediate confirmation of Mr. CONKLING'S nomination, and that he stated strongly his feeling of the unfitness of Mr. CONKLING for the Supreme Bench. It is probable also that he did so without complimenting Mr. CONKLING, and in doing it there can be no doubt that he expressed a very general conviction. Whatever he may have said in opposition was doubtless said plainly and fairly, for the Massachusetts Senator speaks out, and does not insinuate. But even if Mr. HOAR had chosen to vituperate, or to insinuate, or to sneer, the friends of Mr. CONKLING could not complain, for, although the proceedings of the executive session are secret, it is generally understood that Mr. CONKLING'S strain in speaking of his own colleague, Mr. FENTON, upon occasion of Mr. MURPHY'S nomination as Collector of New York, was the most signal specimen of reckless extravagance of insinuation in the annals of the Senate.

It is assumed, also, that Senator HOAR, if he objected, could have had no public reason for delaying confirmation, but that he merely opposed immediate action because Mr. CONKLING is supposed to have prevented the confirmation of Senator **Hoar**'s brother, ex-Attorney-General **Hoar**, when he was nominated to be Associate Justice. To those who know Senator **Hoar** this is an amusing suggestion. There are few public men less likely to be influenced in official action by personal motives of any kind. But here again Mr. **Conkling**'s friends must "go slow." If Senator **Hoar** be assumed to have opposed the immediate consideration of the nomination of Mr. **Conkling** because of his brother's defeat, it must be also assumed that Mr. **Conkling** opposed the ex-Attorney-General's confirmation because that officer, like Secretary **Bristow**, repelled Mr. **Conkling**'s well-known attempts to dictate his official action. The endeavor of Mr. **Conkling**'s friends to brighten the lustre of his renown by smirching eminent and honored public men is plainly a halcyon and vociferous proceeding which will not deceive even the kneading-troughs, and is likely to disappear utterly and ludicrously at the cross-roads of public condemnation.

AN AMICABLE DIFFERENCE.

In recently commenting upon Mr. **Dawes**'s reform bill we carelessly stated that its provisions could be held to apply to foreign ministers. But in fact the bill leaves that matter precisely where it is now, before the nomination, within the discretion of the President, while it expressly leaves to the discretion of the Senate the case of persons who shall have been nominated. Upon this point the **Pendleton** and **Dawes** bills do not substantially differ, and it should be understood that both bills aim at the same general result, and as Mr. **Dawes** said, upon introducing his bill, he is the coadjutor and not the opponent of Mr. **Pendleton**. The principles of the two bills are the same. They differ only in details of method. The **Dawes** bill provides for separate department boards, independent of each other, and brought into unison by the President's approval, while the **Pendleton** bill provides a single commission, or board, which is to appoint the local examining bodies, and maintain a uniform standard. But the **Dawes** bill does not deprive the President of any authority conferred by Section 1753 of the Revised Statutes to employ suitable persons to conduct inquiries, the section under which the present Civil Service Commission was created. The bill itself, however, provides a system of independent departmental boards.

In his speech explaining his scheme Mr. **Dawes** objects to the commission provided by the **Pendleton** bill as an "outside independent power," appointed without confirmation by the Senate, clothed with extraordinary if not unconstitutional authority, receiving a salary, and its members removable only by the filing of "an indictment against them" by the President. Such a body Mr. **Dawes** holds to be foreign to the institutions and habits of the American people, and hurtful to the service by interposing an authority between those who are responsible for the performance of official duties and the agents by whom they are performed. Mr. **Dawes** states his objections forcibly but courteously, and it is evident that this is the pivot of the discussion so far as methods are concerned. The general argument for the commission we suppose to be that, in either case, the commission or the departmental boards being merely methods of aiding the exercise of the President's constitutional discretion in appointment, that method is preferable which is simplest and most uniform, and that a single board of supervision of examination for the whole service is more convenient for the President, by relieving him from attention to details, and is more certain to secure a uniform standard of requirement, than several independent boards. The members of the commission would be paid, indeed, but for the performance of a public duty. That they would be paid, and that they would be appointed by the President alone, and removed for cause stated, do not seem to be in themselves good reasons against a commission if it be a more promising method of attaining the general result sought. The commission would have no extraordinary authority. It could neither appoint nor control appointments. It would only recommend and suggest, but could take no step without the President's approval.

There is one other difference between the bills. That of Mr. **Dawes** puts into the form of law certain details, such as the number of persons from whom, after examination, an appointment is to be made. The number mentioned is three, which is that provided for in the regulations which are now in force in the New York Post-office and Custom-house. This provision relates to a detail which the **Pendleton** bill leaves to the determination of a commission. But the argument in favor of the law is not without weight. It is that if experience has shown the detail to be wise, it is better to give it the fixity of law than to leave it to the action of a commission, because a hostile pressure which could not effect the repeal of a law of Congress might secure the modification of the regulation of a small commission. Yet as the efficiency of any scheme must depend upon the good faith of the President in the selection either of the commission or of the departmental boards, and as both bills are intended for his relief, it would seem to be easier that he should deal with a single body of assistants, and that the regulation of specific details should be largely left to them, to be submitted for his approval. In any event, we trust sincerely that the friends of reform in Congress will be able to avoid such a difference as must grievously disappoint the just expectation of the country, and exhilarate the supporters of the spoils system.

THE EXILES OF SIBERIA.

A lecture full of interesting and valuable information was recently delivered before the American Geographical Society by Mr. **George Kennan**, who has travelled much in Siberia. He described the country and the system of exile, and he gave his opinion of the probable fate of those of the crew of the *Jeannette* from whom we have not heard. The country is composed of three belts, of which the northern is a broad stretch of treeless and mossy steppes upon a frozen soil, the middle is a range of unbroken forest, and the southern is a mild and fertile region, warmer than England in summer, and in winter not colder than Minnesota. It is to this southern part of Siberia that the exiles are sent. The country was first invaded by Cossacks, and it is largely peopled by their hardy descendants. After their first incursion, the Cossacks constantly poured into the country, "fighting, starving, freezing, but always pushing on," and in eighty years from the middle of the eighteenth century they had overrun and subdued a region covering more than thirty degrees of latitude and one hundred and thirty of longitude, adding to the Czar's dominions more than 300,000 square miles of new territory.

The population of Siberia is now more than 5,000,000, comprising representatives of more than thirty different tribes and nationalities, and they are divided into a nomadic and a settled population. The Russians live mainly in the fertile zone of the country, and the Siberian Cossacks are among the finest specimens of the Russian common people. Russians were first exiled to Siberia as a punishment in the middle of the seventeenth century. The criminal code of Russia was cruel, and after punishment criminals were sent to Siberia to dispose of them. In the eighteenth century the mineral and agricultural resources of Siberia began to be developed, and exile gradually became the punishment of a large class of crimes. As mines were opened, the demand for labor became greater, and Jews were exiled for refusing to pay taxes, peasants for cutting timber without permission, and army officers for minor offenses. Many of the cruel severities have been ameliorated. Flogging with the knout is abolished, fetters and chains have almost disappeared, and labor in the mines has been generally restricted to capital offenders. From 1827 to 1847, there were about 160,000 persons exiled, and of these only 443 were exiled for political offenses, and of that number nearly two-thirds were nobles. Nearly 12,000 persons are exiled annually. Less than one per cent. of them are political exiles, the remainder being common felons. They are not sent to a bleak waste, but to the fertile zone, and generally in a softer climate than that they leave. "As for me personally," said Mr. **Kennan**, "if I were given my option of five years in the Sing Sing prison, or exile for life with my family in the province of Transbaikalia, I should choose the latter without a moment's hesitation."

Mr. **Kennan**, in turning to the probable fate of the crew of the *Jeannette*, could not take an encouraging view. He has little hope of the safety of Lieutenant **Chipp**'s boat; and as when **De Long** was last heard from he had but two days' food for his party, and had entered the most desolate region of the country, it is improbable that they could long survive. But if the fate of these brave men should be as sad as Mr. **Kennan** fears, he says, in answer to the question of the value of arctic exploration, that during the prosperity of the Spitzbergen whale-fishery more money was taken out of the arctic regions in a single year than was expended upon arctic expeditions during that whole century, and he quotes Professor **Loomis** to the effect that the more accurate knowledge of the physics of the globe which has been facilitated by arctic observations has greatly contributed to the increased extent and security of the commerce of the world.

AN UNANSWERABLE PLEA.

A large number of women in Massachusetts, who are neither minors, paupers, lunatics, nor idiots, but responsible adult citizens and tax-payers, those in Boston and its neighborhood paying taxes in a single year amounting to $1,448,479, respectfully ask the Legislature of that State that they may be allowed a voice in the form of municipal suffrage regarding the expenditure of their money. The Governor of the State recommends it. It has been granted in Scotland. In England, women have had municipal suffrage since 1879. In our Territory of Wyoming, full suffrage has been acknowledged for twelve years to be an unmixed benefit to the community. In other corporations in which they are stockholders women have a vote. Why not, they ask, in municipal corporations?

A petition has been presented to the Committee on Territories in the House of Representatives asking them to include sex in the provision forbidding discrimination against citizens on account of race or color. Mr. **Burrows**, of Michigan, is reported to have said that the question was one of great importance, and should be referred to the people of the new State to determine for themselves. What people? Mr. **Burrows** probably remembers Mr. **Douglas**'s little trick of referring the question of slavery in a new State to the determination of "the people." But he excluded the people who were most vitally concerned, and whose recorded vote would have exposed the trick, and made their reduction to slavery too palpable a wrong.

Does Mr. **Burrows** mean that the women shall vote upon their exclusion from the ballot? But if they are competent to vote upon so fundamental a question, why not upon the disposition of the money that they contribute to the common treasury? Does he mean that they shall not vote? Then he adopts Mr. **Douglas**'s trick about slavery. If the Massachusetts legislators are of opinion, as they honestly may be, that women as a class do not wish to vote, let them test the point by granting municipal suffrage. If women decline to vote, no harm is done. If they vote in large numbers, they are only tax-payers represented in the usual way.

PERSONAL.

Mr. **J. L. Waite**, who succeeds Mr. **Frank Hatton** as Postmaster of the city of Burlington, Iowa, was originally an Ohio man, hailing from General **Garfield**'s old district. He was born at Ravenna in 1840. In his younger days he was a telegraph operator, and then superintendent, but always had more or less of a connection with journalism. In 1869 he went on the Burlington *Hawkeye* as city and commercial editor, and for the last five or six years has been managing editor, which position he still holds. He was secretary of the Republican State Central Committee in 1878, when Mr. **Hatton** was chairman.

—A dinner was recently given in Rome to the Consul-General of the United States in Paris, Mr. **George Walker**. Signor **Minghetti**, the liberal Italian statesman, presided, and in proposing the health of Mr. **Walker** described the present condition of the bimetallic question. In his reply, Mr. **Walker** advocated his well-known views in favor of restoring the value of silver, which no man is more capable of stating in the most persuasive manner.

—We regret to hear from abroad that the health of Mr. J. R. **Green**, the historian, is so poor that his *Making of England*, recently published by **Harper & Brothers**, will be his last serious contribution to English literature, unless he should recover. He spent the winter at Mentone in search of health, but without success.

—**Sojourner Truth** writes to us from Battle Creek, Michigan, in reference to recent published paragraphs of her having a fine home, and her having made a will, etc. She says she has made no will, owns no farm, but has a small house encumbered by a mortgage, and has no income but what she derives from the narrative of her life and sale of her photograph, which she hopes, and we hope, her friends will buy to help her along in this one-hundred-and-seventh year of her stay on earth.

—The social surroundings of President **Arthur** are quite pleasant. For instance, when he gives a dinner party, Miss **Frelinghuysen**, daughter of the Secretary of State, runs over to the White House and directs the steward as to the arrangements of the table, etc. She is a young lady without pretension to beauty, but intellectual, and gifted with exquisite taste.

—Ex-Senator A. A. **Sargent**, of California, just appointed United States Minister to Germany, is a native of Newburyport, Massachusetts, and fifty-five years of age. In early life he was a printer and editor, and in 1849 removed to California, where he studied law and was admitted to the bar. In 1863 he was elected to Congress, and re-elected in 1869 and 1871. In 1873 he was elected to the Senate, where he served until 1879. He has a son who is an assayer, one daughter who graduated at a medical college, and another who is a promising writer.

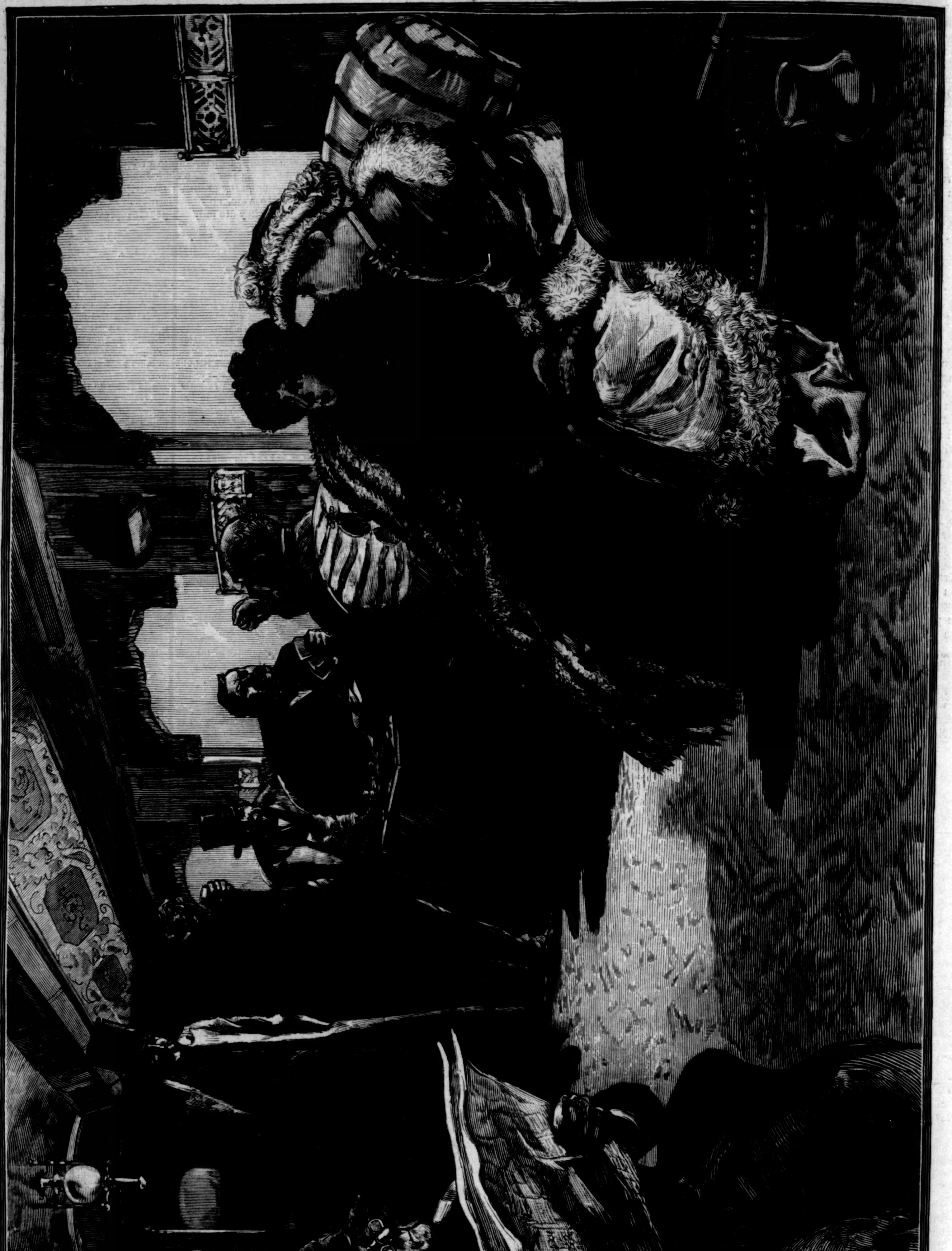
—Princess **Helena** of Waldeck, the betrothed of Prince **Leopold**, comes of an impecunious but very proud old family, and is of a romantic disposition, although something of a blue-stocking. Her father's little state is beautifully picturesque and fearfully poverty-stricken. It is a country of high hills, wooded glens, and brawling streams and streamlets. Prince **Leopold** met his future wife at Rupenheim. She is connected with the royal family of England through the Duchess of Cambridge and the Princess of Wales, and was highly spoken of by the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt. He opined that she would be just the person to lead with the Prince a quiet, studious life at Claremont, and be, if his health broke down, a ministering angel to him. Through the Nassau family she has some great and wealthy relations, but she has not been reared in grand style. She is fair, fresh, gentle, very artless, and of a cheerful, even temper, and though not very *distinguée*, she is certainly not rustic in her unaffected simplicity.

—Young "Dot" **Boucicault** is said to inherit much of the literary and dramatic talent of his father. Recently he took part at the Court Theatre in a play of his own writing, of which the London *Era* says: "His first attempt at dramatic composition was eminently successful, and his acting, both in this and the new comedy which followed, was by general consent worthy of hearty admiration."

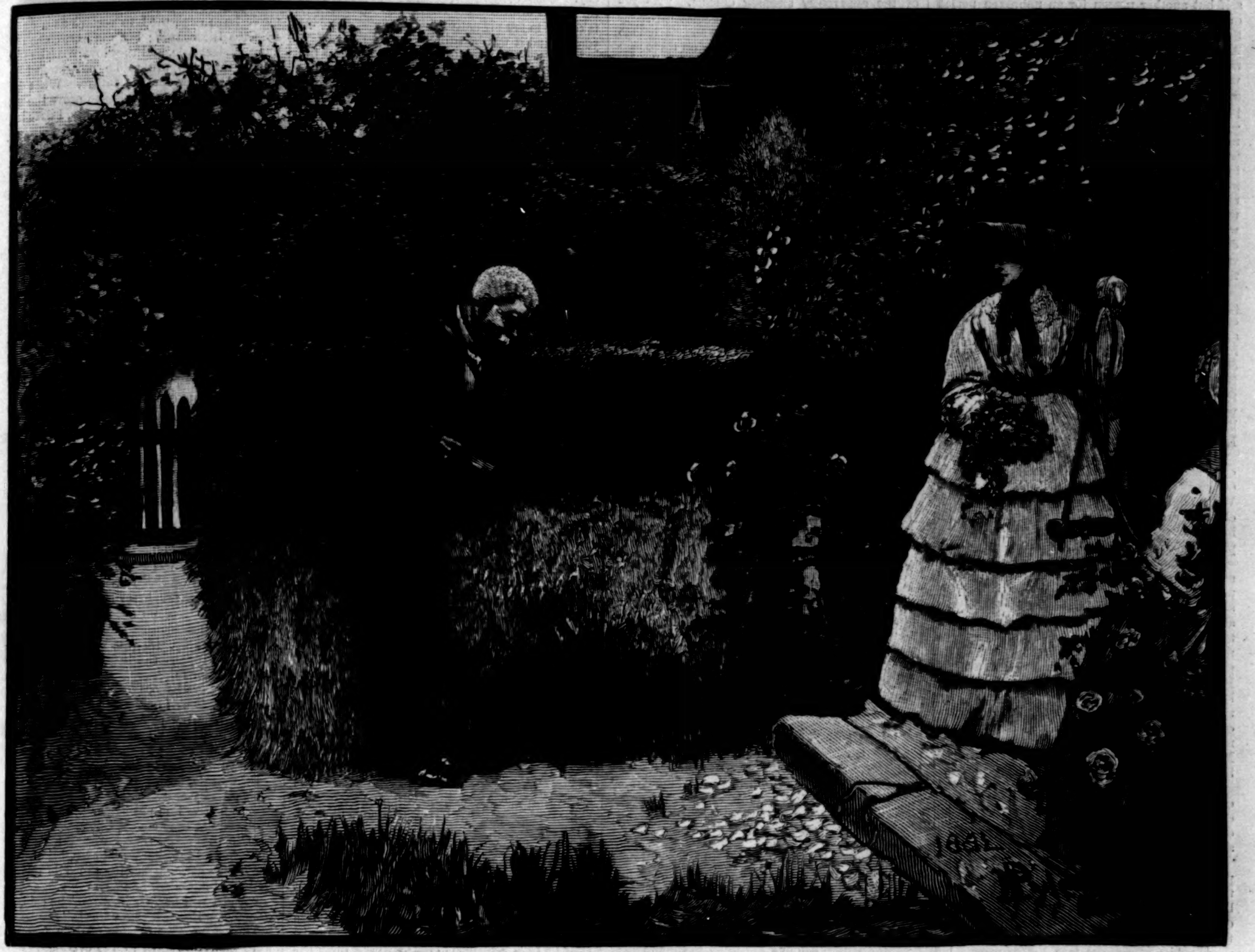
—Bishop **Lynch**, of Charleston, who died a few days since, was a grandson of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He was a man of high character and abilities, and averse to ostentation of any sort. By his will he directed that at his funeral a single solemn high mass should be celebrated, and he expressly prohibited a funeral sermon. "I wish," he said, "to sink quietly in the grave, hoping an able bishop will take my place, and correct my manifold errors."

—The Albany *Express*, speaking of the late General **Robert H. Pruyn**, says: "His home life deserves special mention, not only for the elegant adornment of his residence with curiosities from Japan, and ceramics and paintings of all descriptions, but for the refined hospitality which always pervaded it. To this artistic home his friends were cordially welcome, and in this happy circle were all the joys of family affection."

—The Savage Club in London is somewhat like our Lotos Club in New York, though not so well housed, nor in so prosperous a condition; neither is it so high-toned, nor does it rank so well among other leading clubs. But the Savage is getting on, and the other day had the honor of entertaining the Prince of Wales at dinner. In replying to a toast to his health, the Prince said: "In becoming a member of your club I feel I am not among strangers, for at this moment I can see around and before me many gentlemen whom I have had the advantage of knowing, some in distant parts of the empire, while others there are who have made me both laugh and cry. I am well aware that your club consists of gentlemen connected with literature, with art, with journalism, and with the drama, and I can easily understand how you must enjoy these convivial meetings after the long and arduous duties of your respective callings. Gentlemen, I am given to understand that your qualifications are that you must belong to literature or art, and also that you must be good fellows. I feel that I can hardly aspire to the first qualification in order to be a competent member; but, if you will allow me, I will be the second."



"THE LEGISLATIVE TRAIN," FROM ALBANY TO NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 150.]



"Glancing at the white-robed girlish figure before him with evident admiration, he made a becoming obeisance."

[Begun in Harper's Weekly, No. 1313, Vol. XXVI.]

EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY;

OR, FATED BY A JEST.

By M. BETHAM-EDWARDS, AUTHOR OF "KITTY."

VII.

All went well that day; but in the early hours of the following morning Hilda's peaceful slumbers were disturbed by loud cries from Grettel outside. Now Hilda was not a young lady subject to sudden alarms. It must be something very unusual indeed to ruffle her really fine self-possession, or to startle her collected, fearless mind. But these terrified screams of Grettel, who had been drilled into a decent show of composure under trying circumstances, did for the moment affright her. So, throwing on a long white dressing-gown, she hastily opened the door, there to find Grettel crouched on the floor, white with terror, her teeth chattering, and every limb a-tremble.

Hilda's presence of mind was, of course, quite equal to the emergency.

"My good Grettel," she said, in a voice that was at the same time keenly remonstrative yet inspiriting, even kindly—"my good Grettel, the house is not burned down. We are both alive and well. There is no murderer behind you."

"Fräulein! oh, Fräulein!" was all the girl could utter, catching hold of her young mistress's skirts, and still a prey to the most abject terror. "Oh, Fräulein, it is there!—there!"

She pointed in the direction of the little parlor below. Hilda, without a word, prepared to descend.

"Oh, Fräulein, I must go with you," Grettel cried, dazed at this supreme exhibition of intrepidity, and thereby inspired to an act of heroism in spite of herself.

The pair descended, Hilda a trifle pale, but drawn to her full height, and braced up for the deadliest encounter; Grettel following, cowed to the earth, and clutching her young lady's garment.

On the threshold she drew back again, overcome with fear.

"Oh, Fräulein! Heaven help us! all good angels save us!" she cried. "The ghost! the ghost!"

Light was now beginning to dawn upon Hilda's mind; but not yet fully re-assured, she pressed forward imperiously, and threw wide the door. A minute later, and Grettel's loud shrieks for angelic compassion were drowned by peal after peal of merry laughter from the now enlightened Hilda.

"Really, Grettel," she said, as soon as she had partially recovered herself, "your cravenness is past all bearing. Before you allowed yourself to be half frightened out of your senses, why did you not go up and touch the ghost, as you call it? The truth would then have immediately flashed upon you. But it is really a wonderful illusion—my grandmother to the life."

"What is it, then, Fräulein, if neither a ghost nor Frau Anna? Oh! what is it?"

A more clear-sighted observer than Grettel might well indeed have put the same question, and with as much perplexity. For there, in her favorite alcove by the window, her face covered with a silk handkerchief after the manner of old folk drowsing, her hands crossed in her lap, her whole attitude that of peaceful after-dinner slumber, sat Dame Anna, or if not Dame Anna, a figure bearing her very image.

For a moment or two Hilda was too much absorbed in the contemplation of her handiwork to pay any heed to Grettel's ejaculations. Then, perfectly composed, she went up to the figure, and pursing up her pretty lips as she was wont to do when seriously meditating, put a finishing touch here, adjusted a line of drapery there, moving back each time to note the effect.

"How could you be so idiotic as to wake me up at four o'clock in the morning for nothing, and to put yourself in such a fright too? Where were your reasoning powers? Where was your imagination?" she said.

She now triumphantly drew aside the black gown, and displayed to the shrinking, shrieking Grettel the legs and feet of her lay figure.

"Do you not understand it all?" Hilda went on, with complete aplomb and no little impatience. "We are like people in a play; we are acting a part, and the whole thing being begun, must be carried out without a hitch. Of course my grandmother would not have left the princess alone with me, nor has she done so in our little play. She is here, only she remains fast asleep. You go to the door, and tell me if the deception is not perfect."

Grettel had no words as yet at command, and still trembled in every limb, so Hilda went to the door herself, and praised her own work, as there was no one else to utter a word of commendation. Seen from this point of distance, partly obscured by the green climbing plants German ladies love to have in their window-seats, partly by a screen apparently placed to keep off the draught, the lay figure dressed up in Frau Anna's clothes appeared her very self. Hilda, with that happy imitativeness, as much a feature in her character as her unending sprightliness and gayety, had in truth here performed little short of a miracle. So nicely had the characteristic pose been attained, so accurately the proportions, so skillful the management of light and shade, that there could be no fear of the illusion failing. Frau Anna taking her siesta was a fact patent to all.

"I am sorry I did not mention it to that poor dear stupid thing," was Hilda's reflection as she lay down for another hour's drowse. "But her fright is very satisfactory. For, of course, if she is so completely imposed upon, others will be also."

Then she buried her face in the bedclothes, and indulged in immoderate laughter at her latest exploit and the drollery of the situation. Sleep was absolutely impossible after having been once so fairly roused. She opened her eyes wide, indulged for a little while in waking dreams, then rose and performed her toilet. After that ruffling incident all went smoothly. Grettel, it is true, did not dare to approach "Frau Anna," as she persisted in calling the lay figure and its lendings, for days to come. It was neither a living thing nor its fictitious semblance to her, but some dread, eerie, horrifying go-between, a nameless mysterious phantom whose riddle remained yet to be read. When at last a grand cleaning day occurred, and the spectre had to be taken to pieces in order to sweep out the alcove, Grettel's mind also underwent a complete cobwebbing. The automaton was an automaton, and nothing more. Things now went so evenly, indeed, that but for Hilda's animation the place would have seemed in a drowse. The geese were far away under the charge of a little goose-girl. The cattle stalls were empty. Hardly a sound might be heard all day long but the drone of Grettel's spinning-wheel and the strains of Hilda's piano. Hilda having no monitory grandmother's eye upon her, and having made up her mind to play the part of princess, played it with a vengeance. She dressed herself very carefully on rising, performed no household duties whatever, and often sat down to her piano from her eight-o'clock coffee till her twelve-o'clock dinner. Then she got out her French and English school-books, and studied those languages with extraordinary application. "Who knows," she would say to herself, "but that Hildegarde may take me back to the court with her? and then I should have need of all my accomplishments." When the mid-day meal was over, the two girls went into the garden, and formed a pretty picture—Hilda in a white dress, reading or working beside a rustic table; Grettel smoothed, be-Sundayed, as our French neighbors say, and beautified, sitting at her spinning-wheel. Around this little summer-house were flower beds and fruit trees, and at the open window, the very semblance of stiff, old-fashioned propriety, sat the nodding figure of Frau Anna, in black dress, high black cap, and white kerchief crossed on her bosom.

VIII.

A month had passed, the quietest possible, and Hilda and Grettel were getting quite used to their respective parts. Hilda, partly from a love of forming mazy plans and carrying them out, and partly from sheer girlish playfulness, would permit no infringement of the law originally laid down. It was as "Gnädiges Fräulein" (gracious lady), the obsequious Grettel invariably addressed her. She wore, by mutual understanding, her foster-sister's clothes and trinkets, dressed her hair precisely after her fashion, and adopted easily enough certain little mannerisms of the sweet yet not inimitable Hildegarde—modest flutterings, down-dropping of the eyelids, shy blushes, and low timid modulations of the voice. She had outwardly metamorphosed herself more completely than she was aware, and a very strong natural likeness had been thus heightened to a degree that might well have perplexed observers as to her identity. The illusion, indeed, to use Hilda's words, was perfect, and it even began to take hold of her own mind. When she had dressed, spoken, and acted as if she were not herself but another person for an unbroken period of some weeks, she almost began to fancy that things were as they seemed—that Hilda, Dame Anna's daughter, was away; that Hildegarde, the real Hildegarde, and at the same time herself, was here! Sometimes the thought would flash across her mind—or rather, perhaps, it was a passing vagary, and nothing to be called a thought—"Are not these instincts that I feel, and not mere longings? And Hildegarde's also, her counter passions and inclinations, do they not indicate inborn, inherent, inherited character? Are we not changelings, and she it is who is granddaughter of Frau Anna, the court wet-nurse; I who am the child of a prince and princess? Is it otherwise natural, is it likely, that I should be thus drawn toward a life of splendor and domination, whilst she is no less prone to an obscure domestic position?"

Then alike her reverie and her reasoning would go off on another track, and she would put the question to her own mind: "If indeed, then, we are what we are, and not what we seem, if I am in reality peasant-born, and it is Hildegarde who comes of reigning sovereigns, then, seeing what freaks nature has played with us both, fitting me for an exalted station, her for the very reverse, why should we not change parts on the stage of life? Why should not I take the place of princess, Hildegarde that of her peasant-born *sœur de lait?*"

Such fantastical dreams were of the moment only, mere dallyings with an idle fancy, and born of the girl's innate fay-like inkling after mischief. With all her practical good sense and superb cleverness, she ever remained naïve and child-like in this respect, ready at a moment's warning to play pranks with persons and things.

These thoughts passed as they had come, a far safer and easier solution being afforded by more practical reflections. "All may yet be well," she said to herself, "if Hildegarde can be induced to act with spirit and determination. She has only to return to the palace when summoned—taking me with her, of course—to refuse persistently any proposals of marriage. In time her union with Dr. Edouard might become feasible. He could be ennobled, with his *Adelheit;* he might have a title given him, and then his happiness and that of my darling Hildegarde are secured; whilst for myself a few years at the court is all I want. My fate, provided circumstances are only favorable, may fairly be left in my own hands."

With alternating reflections, now psychological, visionary, and matter of fact, Hilda almost daily reviewed the state of affairs, which at the end of June remained precisely as they had been at the beginning of May.

Hildegarde was far too happy to return; Hilda permitted her to stay. It seemed, indeed, as if the young princess had become her own mistress by this time. Summer was passing, and no sign came from the proud Schloss far away. Hilda, taking her accustomed place in the summer-house these golden afternoons, would often wonder how much longer she should live in this world of dreams. It pleased her well to fancy herself a princess, to be daintily dressed from morning to night, and have nothing to do all day but play on the piano and instruct herself, or toy with delicate needle-work. She was, nevertheless, beginning to weary of this sameness, this isolation. She wanted a little varying of daily circumstance—above all, an audience.

"If only some one were here to make a picture of us, Grettel!" she said one day; "this bower of roses and honeysuckle, you in your Sunday gear by a spinning-wheel, myself in white, arranging these lovely flowers. What a wasted subject!"

The playful thought was hardly uttered when the little garden gate clicked, and a man's figure, small, spare, and scrupulously dressed, was seen approaching them, as he drew near bowing again and again with almost ridiculous obsequiousness; at least so it seemed to Hilda, who, under the most startling circumstances, ever realized the sportive side of things. How well she could mimic this preposterous little personage was her first thought, as he advanced, hat in hand, and bending low.

Glancing at the white-robed girlish figure before him with evident admiration, he made a crowning obeisance, and said, "I have surely the honor of addressing the Princess Hildegarde?"

For an instant, and an instant only, Hilda lost presence of mind. She blushed, and stood mute and motionless. Her momentary embarrassment was, however, followed by the most charming smile in the world, and an assenting inclination of the pretty, beautifully dressed head.

"But not the princess of years gone by," said the visitor, with a mixture of paternal kindliness and old-fashioned gallantry. "It was a little, shy, delicate girl to whom the Hofrath Von Benderberg offered bonbons in former days, and she must long since have forgotten her old friend?"

"Nay," Hilda said, holding out a beautiful white hand, which the old courtier pressed to his lips, "I should be ungrateful indeed, Herr Hofrath, if I could forget you."

"My little services are repaid a thousandfold," rejoined the Hofrath; "and remember, princess, whatever happens, I am always your faithful friend and devoted servant."

"I am sure of it," replied Hilda, smiling sweetly.

She knew the Hofrath from hearsay quite well; Hildegarde had described him to her again and again.

"The same grateful heart, the same endearing simplicity!" cried the old gentleman. "It must be seven years or more since I had the pleasure of seeing you, for I went away immediately after your return; but I should have known the Princess Hildegarde anywhere, in spite of this amazing, this adorable change."

"The country air and the affectionate care of my foster-parents have done much for me, I know," Hilda answered, engagingly, as before. "I can never be grateful enough to the good Frau Anna;" here she pointed in the direction of the apparently sleeping duenna. "As you see, she is resting, and I can not wake her."

The Hofrath took out his wallet and started up.

"I have not a moment to bestow on these worthy people. My errand is with you." He glanced at the obnoxious Grettel significantly. Now Grettel had all this time been a terrible thorn in Hilda's side, frowns and signs hitherto failing to put down that fixed stare or to make her move an inch from such unbecoming proximity. The whole transaction seemed to have turned Grettel's woodenness into stone. She stood at her spinning-wheel, eyes and mouth wide open, gasping as if for very breath.

Driven to despair, Hilda now called the Hofrath's attention to a rose of unusual beauty in bloom close by, and whilst he was bent over it inhaling its fragrance, quietly and with inimitable dexterity she took Grettel by the shoulders and turned her out of the garden.

The Hofrath, looking up to find Grettel gone, showed signs of relief. "I have not a moment to spare, except to fulfill my errand," he said, "and am come to fetch you, by the Grand Duke's command. The time for preparation is short, but your women will attend to everything. The post-carriage is awaiting you; your attendants and baggage will be here in two hours' time, and I have orders to meet you at the post-house of Ilmen, whither I go in advance to arrange everything."

"To-day—must it be to-day?" asked Hilda, taken aback.

"Indeed, princess, such are the Grand Duke's wishes. We are to travel fast, and reach the summer-palace as early as may be. Unexpected circumstances necessitate your immediate recall. I can understand your hesitation, your reluctance—"

"The summons is startlingly abrupt, certainly," Hilda replied, her mind bent as she spoke on the problem before her.

"It is; I admit it. But," said the Hofrath, encouragingly, "you will soon grow accustomed to your new life, which, I may venture to prognosticate, will be a brilliant one. Friends and flatterers you will soon have enough and to spare. Do not forget your old servant among them all."

"That I could never do."

The Hofrath dropped his voice almost to a whisper. "Who knows but that the little girl to whom I was permitted to give bonbons may be able at some time or other to prove my greatest benefactor? But pardon my indiscretion, princess; and my carriage waits at the foot of the hill. I must be gone."

Once more he bent low over Hilda's outstretched hand, and a few minutes later she heard the distant sound of carriage wheels on the high-road below. He was gone, and there was no choice for her. She must follow.

For a moment, indeed, the dauntless Hilda paused before bending her mind to the practical business in hand. But for a moment only, and without the shadow of an indecision clouding her mind. The deed was of her doing, and she would share the responsibility of it with no one. "And after all," said the light-hearted, audacious girl, "exchange is no robbery. Why may we not be happily fated by a jest?"

IX.

Meantime the gentle maiden playing her brilliant namesake's part was growing to full mental and bodily stature under the sunny influence of sympathy. That rich blossoming of a woman's nature, only awaiting adequateness of outer as well as inner circumstances, was now hers, and, like the real Hilda far away, she for the first time felt in her right place, although clothed with another's lendings. This quiet affectionate home-life, this kindly mother's love warming all, these gay, busy girls contributing their share to the family purse by cheerful earnings, the thousand and one pleasant little nothings making up the sum total of every day, all filled her with satisfaction and delight. At last, too, she was beginning to rejoice in the sense of a precious personality. Hitherto she had been necessary to none, for want of opportunity, unable to endear herself to any living soul by womanly services and devotion, the loneliest woman-creature, as it seemed, under God's heaven. Now she was filling a place, and like a flower transported to a genial soil, new warm life tingled to the very roots of her nature.

But above all it was the deeper feeling for Dr. Edouard that had worked a gradual, and as it seemed to Hildegarde herself, a miraculous transformation. This intense sympathy with another, and wholly different and stronger nature, their intercommunion of closest thoughts, their fond clinging one to another, so that it seemed impossible for them to live apart; such things were mysteries to the hitherto timid, shrinking girl. But even more than her lover's passion did her own astonish her now. She could understand now the martyrdoms and heroic self-sacrifices of historic women. She felt conscious of a tenacity of will and purpose, born of love, not to be shaken by any human opposition, however unscrupulously manifested.

Richly endowed natures have ever two selves, an in-door and an outer, and Hildegarde hardly knew which she loved best, the Dr. Edouard of the study and the fireside, or the Dr. Edouard of the forest and the Alp. Whenever he came to her with an invitation for a ramble, she knew that a little world of joyous experiences was in store. Whenever the day was to be spent at home, she felt an equal certainty of blissful impressions.

One morning early he bade her prepare for a long day's holiday excursion, with such beaming yet mysterious looks that she could but feel some unusual enjoyment was in store for both.

"Come," he said, taking the book from her willing hands; "no more English grammar to-day. Quick! your hat, your alpenstock, your little basket of provisions for two. I am going to take you to see my native village among the Alps yonder, and it will be twilight ere we return."

In a very few minutes all was ready, and the pair set off in the exuberant frame of mind young lovers know. Everything delighted the untravelled Hildegarde; the drive in a rustic vehicle over the green hills, the flower-gathering by the way, the walk through the forest, finally the sight of Dr. Edouard's native village nestling amid the pine-clad ridges. Within sight and hearing of the village her companion paused, and bade her sit down in a little sunny glade he seemed to know well. Then with an air of mystery he took a traveller's horn from his pocket and blew it loudly.

"We are expected," he said, smiling to see her expectancy. "I have a little surprise in store for you, as you shall now see."

And a second and a third time he blew that little Alpine horn, which sounded deep and clear through the noonday stillness of the forest. Hildegarde was about to speak, but he raised his finger, and in obedience to the sign she looked and listened.

On a sudden the golden vistas became alive with bright dancing figures, and the warm sultry silence was broken by the singing of sweet girlish voices. Looking round, Hildegarde saw a troop of peasant girls, some of them mere children, wearing the gay Sunday gear of the place, and laden with Alpine garlands and flowers, which they scattered as they sang.

When the last apparition had descended the little sun-lit path bending to the glade, they all surrounded Dr. Edouard and his companion, and performed a rustic "round," or village dance, accompanied by a monotonous but pleasing chorus.

"This is my birthday," said Dr. Edouard, in a low voice, "and it has reached the ears of my village folk that to-day I should bring my betrothed with me. Why I am always so fêted here I will tell you afterward. But listen to what they sing."

Hildegarde blushed and smiled as she caught the import of the words. It was, indeed, a rustic bridal song, wont to be sung at betrothals, and, in accordance with a time-honored custom, accompanied by the strewing of flowers.

Dr. Edouard, familiar with the usages of the country, now sank upon one knee in the midst of the singers, and motioned to Hildegarde to do the same. Kneeling thus, they were soon becrowned and besprinkled with freshly gathered flowers, whilst, as a benison of even deeper purpose, sounded the following refrain:

> "Plighted loves with linkèd hands
> Knit we now in fairy bands.
> Flowery chains, for dear love's sake,
> None shall sever, none shall break."

These words roughly give the meaning of a charming and highly poetic song that used to be sung on such occasions in the dialect of these isolated mountain villages. When the last couplet had been sung, or rather chanted, and the last posy scattered, Dr. Edouard rose, and smilingly helped his companion to rise from the ground. They were both covered with blossoms of Edelweiss and other Alpine flowers as with snow. He shook off the fairy burden, and Hildegarde did the same, stooping to gather some for her bosom and her hair. Dr. Edouard also placed a little bouquet in his button-hole. Then addressing a few cordial words to the naïve choristers in his own name and that of his bride-elect, and dropping silver coins into the palms of the little ones, he dismissed them.

Hildegarde watched them disappear with the fascinated gaze of a child at a play; and in truth the picturesque troop, with their bright blue and scarlet dresses, their silver ornaments and outlandish head-gear, made almost a theatrical display among the trees. When the last figure had disappeared behind the glowing boles of pine and elm, she breathed a happy yet questioning sigh, and looked into her lover's eyes.

"This little idyl has pleased you?" he asked, bending a flushed, joyous face toward her own.

"Oh yes," she replied, her eyes filling with tears under the light kiss now dropped upon them. "But, Edouard, before we spread our basket, and eat the first meal we have ever eaten alone together, answer me one question."

He guessed what was coming, and taking her hand, led her to a little knoll of velvety gold green moss tapestried with ground-ivy. Then he sat down beside her, and said, gravely: "I know well what you would fain ask me, Hildegarde. Your face speaks to me always without any need of words. Why do I thus allow you to play a part? How can I reconcile my conscience to the deception, playful though it be, that I have just compelled you to countenance? Listen, and you shall be fully answered."

Even these few words were already easing Hildegarde's burdened mind. She felt, though she could not in the least divine by what reasoning, that her secretly nursed misgivings were about to be set at rest for once and for all.

"The notion of your visit here originated, as you know, with Hilda," he began, speaking very deliberately. "I accepted it on two grounds: chiefly because I felt that it would test, not your affection for me—I felt no doubts there—but your ability to endure the only kind of existence I am enabled to offer a wife, the simple home life you have since taken to so kindly; and secondly, because"—here he bent down and kissed the fair face looking up to him with lover-like fondness—"because a little happiness was thus put in our way of which no living soul had the right to deprive us. Hilda's subterfuge was to spare an endless discussion with her grandmother; but never doubt that Frau Anna shall not be informed of the fact on her return."

So far, all seemed transparent as daylight to the anxiously listening Hildegarde.

He went on: "I could even more readily excuse myself for having played a harmless trick on my good mother and sisters. They would never have consented to receive as a guest the Princess Hildegarde; but you have come under a more modest title, and they love you already. Of course they too are to be enlightened in due time. And now for the future. What Hilda's jest has done for us is this—to prove the sincerity of our affection for one another, I dare hope, in spite of so many obstacles."

She hearkened, brightening under every word, till, by the time his speech drew to an end, it was a radiant face that almost touched his own.

"Everything depends on your constancy, your powers of endurance," he continued; "and had I not foreseen a possibility of our wishes being fulfilled, I should never have spoken out. You are aware that your mother's marriage was very displeasing to the Grand Duke, insomuch so that he did his best to annul it. It is on this circumstance we must build our hopes. Who knows but that your great-uncle may be brought to consent to our union, thankful"—here he smiled, and clasped her hand—"thankful to be rid of such a burden?"

Hildegarde also laughed merrily, the gay mood being sobered a moment later.

"Then my love for you will never lead me into doing anything wrong?" she asked, timidly.

"What is wrong?" he repeated, with almost cynical bitterness. "Would you do wrong in marrying the first suitor presented to you by your great-uncle—perhaps a man you could not respect, much less regard with common liking? Would you do wrong in hearkening rather to conscience than human bidding, and chosing for yourself in the most sacred choice a woman has to make? Where is the right, where the wrong, here? I must tell you, my Hildegarde, I take small account of those social distinctions which you have been taught to regard with almost religious awe. Are we not men and women first, and paupers and princelings afterward? No, the time is gone by, never to return, when the fiction called royalty can inspire the reverence due only to higher things, and I, for one, rejoice in the prospect of much more fundamental changes in the same direction. I hold myself bound by no other code of moral responsibility to the Grand Duke than to a peasant, and were you of age to-morrow, would make you my wife as unconcernedly as if you were the peasant-born Hilda."

Hildegarde, letting fall happy tears, could but flush proudly as she gazed on her self-confident, defiant lover. She put her hand in his, and said, "When that time comes, Edouard, I will be your wife."

He looked into her sweet eyes, brimful of tender girlish passion, pausing to riddle their secret again and again ere he made reply.

"And I will be your husband," he said, "or no woman's. Remember my words."

Then, after that tension of deep feeling, both were glad to return to the every-day world of common pleasures for a while.

Hildegarde, with childish gayety and grace, spread the contents of her picnic basket on the turf. Dr. Edouard fetched water from the spring, and alone in that delicious glade, a little world in itself of sunshine and loveliness and joy, they lived a little life of bliss as rounded as complete.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ON "THE LEGISLATIVE TRAIN."

THE train which leaves Albany at 2.40 P.M. on Friday for New York is known to railroad men as "the legislative train." It is the fastest day train run over the Hudson River road, making the trip from Albany to New York in four hours and twenty minutes. During the session of the Legislature it usually brings down a motley crowd of Senators, Assemblymen, office-holders, politicians, and lobbyists, together with newspaper men and other respectable persons. On the night of the 13th of January, this train was brought to a stop just beyond the Spuyten Duyvil cut by the sudden springing of the air-brakes on one of the "palace"-cars. While standing on the track, the train was crashed into by a way train from Tarrytown, with results only too well known to our readers. The brakes were not sprung by any employé of the road. By whom were they sprung? According to the sworn testimony of HANFORD, the conductor of the train, the act was done in drunken recklessness by some one of the passengers whose connection with the government of the Empire State gives to the train its peculiar designation. On this point his evidence was direct and explicit. According to the report of the coroner's inquest in the *Times* of January 20, he said: "The cause of the accident was 'rum.' All through the cars they were passing bottles freely, drinking, smashing hats, and singing songs. He had no control over them. They were apparently sober when they boarded the train, but became intoxicated after they had started. There is always more or less drinking and general hilarity on the Friday trains from Albany. There were ex-coroners, Senators, Assemblymen, and other office-holders on the train. He guessed that everybody there was familiar with the conduct of passengers on the Friday trains from the State capital. He supposed that some of the jurors had witnessed such scenes as those he referred to."

This is a curious picture, and one which the citizens of New York State, and particularly of New York city, must regard with shame. The wretched official who draws the picture knew only too certainly that it was not too darkly drawn. He knew not only that he "had no control" over the tipsy rowdies who roamed through the train, bawling their vulgar songs, parading and draining their whiskey bottles, and smashing each other's hats, but he knew that they had an indirect but very powerful control over him. Nearly every man of them bore a "free pass" from his superior officers in his pocket, and with this a like title to the gratuitous occupation of a seat in the so-called "parlor"-car. These passes were given because the men who received them were either members of the Legislature or had some influence with such members.

They were the credentials of the bearers as belonging to the governing class—that singular aristocracy to which our political system has given rise, and which, if we may coin a word, is rather a kakistocracy, or government of the worst. These "lewd fellows of the baser sort" were in no small degree the rulers of the corporation in whose service the conductor was employed. If he had had the temerity to put their ringleaders off the train, they would very likely have promptly had him put off the list of employés in spite of his twenty-five years of more or less faithful work. His abject submission to their offensive and dangerous conduct was in accordance with the unwritten law of the corporation. It will be noticed by HANFORD's testimony that the scenes of that fateful Friday afternoon when so many human lives were lost in the flames of the wrecked train were not exceptional. And there is no one who has had frequent occasion to take this train who is not familiar with it.

There is a general impression that the rowdyism is confined to the common smoking-car, but this is a mistake. It goes on with scarcely less restraint in the parlor-cars. Generally some pretense is made of confining it in the latter to the partially closed compartments, and it is in these that most rum is drank, most card-playing carried on, and the most freedom in story-telling and coarse jesting displayed. But it is no uncommon thing to see the flushed face and unsteady form of a New York representative or politician in the open passageways, and to trace his noble presence by the fumes of liquor and tobacco and the sound of offensive speech. For our *classe dirigeante* travel in luxurious fashion, and are too secure in their tenure of power to care to screen themselves and their conduct from the gaze of any portion of their subjects, who like the conductor, have "no control" over them.

TWO LITTLE BIRDS.

Two little birds aye linger round my dwelling.
One called "I-have" is ever tame and cheery,
Amid the trees' green palaces still telling
A simple tale of which I would not weary.
Life is so happy when "I-have" is singing—
Sweeter than perfume, and as pure as praying,
And full of melodies, like those upspringing
From bands of children in the wild woods Maying.

Another bird, with many a brilliant feather,
Flits with a mocking splendor through my garden.
I hear him singing in all kinds of weather,
Sharp little longing notes that chill and harden.
His name "O-had-I"; and whene'er I hear him
Cold discontent and eager wishes seize me.
I chase him far and wide, yet ne'er come near him:
He lures me only to deceive and tease me.

Year after year this bird of sad temptation
Wins me and wearies me, awake or sleeping:
"O had I beauty! gold! or fame! or station!"—
Wild luring words that always leave me weeping.
O sweet "I-have," come thou and sing thy measure,
Thy little song of calm content so tender.
"O-had-I's" song may thrill with promised pleasure:
I never more will heed its mocking splendor.

DUCK-SHOOTING.

THE notorious John Jorrocks, tea merchant and master of fox-hounds, apostrophized hunting as "the sport of kings, the image of war, without its guilt, and only five-and-twenty per cent. of its danger." Duck-shooting appears to possess equally good points. It is indulged in with the same zest by the potentate and the plumber. It contains an element of guilt, as is seen in the delight with which its votaries defy the laws enacted for its protection, and the introduction of the breech-loader has reduced its dangers to an infinitesimal percentage. Wherein it resembles war even more than fox-hunting is in the poor marksmanship of the recruits which go to make up its army of followers.

In these days all the professions are composed mainly of specialists. Sport is no exception to the rule. Some confine themselves entirely to the hunting of upland birds, others to the killing of wild fowl or of large game. The first and last, it is noticed, do but indifferently when they essay the second. Again, the methods employed in wild-fowl shooting are different in the various sections of our vast domain. He who is habituated to the killing of ducks at close range in our Southern waters makes poor success when tried at the long-distance shooting practiced on the wary wild fowl of our Northern coasts.

MR. FROST in his sketches has evidently been inspired by the duck-shooting found near the Capes of the Delaware. The form of the gunning skiff delineated is of itself entirely different from the boat used on the Long Island shores. Here a boat must be straight and shallow, in order to permit of its concealment below the banks of the low meadow points, bare of sedge or reeds. A high bow or stern protruding above the uniform level would send the much-shot-at ducks scampering wide out of gunshot.

There is one incident depicted by the artist common to duck-shooting in all waters—the scene where a group in the cabin of a sailing craft are discussing either the incidents of the day or the prospects of the morrow. The spokesmen on these occasions are usually the professionals who accompany the enthusiastic city men out for a day's sport. I have heard of one of these old gunners who to-day is the inmate of a lunatic asylum, driven mad from listening year after year to the same stories told over and over again by his partner. He was a long-suffering man, reticent by nature, but the monotonous repetition of the same yarns, and the mental irritation caused by anticipating the points in the often-repeated tales, ultimately "broke him up." The authorities at the asylum have provided him with a few decoys, which he has placed with scientific accuracy on a short stretch of lawn. These he is careful to shift according to the change in the direction of the wind. Armed with a broomstick, and seated in a box covered with grass and weeds, he sits all day, from early morning until evening, in the calm enjoyment of absolute silence.

Much depends, for success in duck-shooting, upon these professional guides or gunners, and wild-fowl shooting in this differs from all other forms of sport, in the fact that the services of these men are indispensable except to those "to the manner born." These gunners are commonly men of exceptional shrewdness and acuteness. Like all expert practitioners, each has his particular method grafted on a general system of procedure. They very much resemble lawyers, insomuch as when in charge of one or a party of sportsmen, they become for the moment violent partisans, and if one infringes on the rights of the other, or violates the etiquette and proprieties of the occasion, very warlike and acrimonious scenes are apt to occur. The novice will be often deceived by this, and his sympathies enlisted on the side of his particular gunner. He will soon learn, however, that this apparent hostility is intended entirely in a Pickwickian or professional sense. The antagonists of to-day will be found the next morning shooting as partners from the same point, the closest and most affectionate of friends.

There are so many methods employed in duck-shooting as to make it difficult to determine which are the most interesting and effective. All are the outgrowth of local surroundings. Take them all in all, shooting from meadow points over decoys is the most attractive. Almost every variety of duck may in this way be killed. If the water be shallow, we have the mallard family; if it be deep, the divers usurp their place. In shooting from meadow points we usually have the advantage of a wide outlook, and the birds are seen approaching from a considerable distance. This gives much interest to the sport, for doubt and expectancy are its principal features. Nothing is more attractive than to watch the movements of ducks when they catch sight of decoys. It is then they develop all the cunning and wisdom which is in them. The wild-goose, black-duck, and sprig-tail, in the display of these qualities, surpass all other varieties of wild fowl. The latter two are the buffoons of the duck family, and appear really to enjoy simulating a blind confidence in the reality of the decoys set for their destruction. This seeming confidence, however, is entirely illusive, for no surveyor can measure distance with more accuracy than these aquatic comedians the exact limit of a gunshot. As for wild-geese, if man generally equalled them in discipline, sagacity, and shrewdness, and chose his leaders with the same discrimination, he would not so readily fall into the traps set for his undoing.

MR. FROST has caught the leading features and incidents of the sport in his spirited sketches—the arrival at the ducking grounds in the afternoon or evening, and the study of the wind and selection of the blinds to be used in the morning; the departure for the different posts in the cold early moonlight; a chance shot at a bunch of ducks whose whistling wings betray them in the darkness overhead; the first ducks coming down the wind and catching sight of the decoys, and then the panic and destruction at the critical moment when they are fluttering in confusion over their wooden counterfeits. These are distinctive, characteristic, and interesting, as also are the other points that have attracted MR. FROST's attention—the cautious drifting down on the birds bedded in the open water, the hour of weariness when the penalties of too early rising are enforced in sleep, and the evening hour when guns are cleaned and pipes are smoked, and the imagination has free rein for wondrous tales of sport gone by.

GASTON FAY.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

A Diner-Out's Scale of Charges.—A Patient's Mistake.—Commissions in the Army.—The Dean and the Port.

IN these days of intense competition it is indeed really necessary to do something a little out of the way in order to live, I don't say in style, but even in comfort. A diner-out of my acquaintance, of the first magnitude, but who feels age creeping over him, tells me that he is determined to take advantage of his being at the head of his profession while there is yet time. "I no longer intend," he says, "to go to dinner parties for nothing. I hate them, and they have done a deal of harm to my constitution; it is high time I should get something out of them beside boredoms and indigestion. In future, I don't dine out unless I'm paid for it." He is about to issue this little manifesto in reply to all who seek the pleasure of his society: "Mr. Swete Smyler begs to acknowledge Mrs. So and So's kind invitation to dinner, but he has so many applications of the like nature, that in justice to himself, as well as to the applicants, he has come to the determination of making a fixed charge for his attendance. To men's parties, for which he positively declines to wear evening dress, he will come for a five-pound note; where ladies are present, and evening dress is made indispensable, he will require seven pounds. If where the relaxation of a cigarette is not permitted before he ascends to the drawing-room, another pound must reward his abstinence. Finally, for every quarter of an hour after ten o'clock during which he is detained upon any pretense whatever, an additional half-sovereign will be demanded." This programme seems to me as reasonable (considering Mr. Swete Smyler's reputation), both in idea and terms, as can be expected; and he has no objection, he tells me, in the case of persons who wish to have their money's worth, to their putting his name on their invitation cards, thus, "To meet Mr. Swete Smyler," as if he were a royal personage.

At a London hospital recently one of the governors of the establishment, an ancient admiral, moved by the amenities of the season or the mildness of the weather, made a tour among the invalids. He made himself so very agreeable to one old seaman, to whom he spoke, I suppose, in nautical style, that he won the patriot's heart, who never doubted that he was one of his own class as well as kidney. "You are one of the right sort, mate, you are," he said; "and though it's dead agen the rules of this here ship, I don't mind letting you know that I've got a bottle of gin under my pillow, and you're very welcome to have a sip of it." Tableau and curtain.

There has been a considerable flourish of trumpets over the number of commissions (fifteen) given last year in the English army to non-commissioned officers. As the rewards of merit, they do not strike me as assuming such a very favorable proportion, while the names of some of the fortunate recipients are suspiciously out of the common run. Though good conduct may be the cause of promotion, I am afraid it is not wholly unconnected with good family. Other things being equal, I should certainly back a "Sergeant De la Poer Beresford," for example, against any Sergeant Jones.

There is still, one is glad to think, some orthodoxy left, at all events, for dinner use. A certain dean was being entertained at dinner the other day, who showed a very proper partiality for port. The host being of the modern school, thought it high time, after twenty minutes over the dessert, that the company should join the ladies. He used, therefore, the usual phrase, "Mr. Dean, will you take any more wine?" "Thank you," returned that dignitary, "when I have finished what is before me (half a bottle or so), I shall be in a better position to answer that question." And he presently did so, in the affirmative.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

THE SHATTERED VIOLIN.

ONE night, about a dozen years ago, when the cream of a "first-night's" audience in Paris flowed into the Salle d'Athenée, where the great Joachim was advertised to wield his magic bow, among the row of first violins in Pasdeloup's famous orchestra, grouped upon the stage, sat Gustave Thorez, a gentle old enthusiast, smartly buttoned up in a well-brushed black coat, with a trim gray mustache, and the inevitable bit of red ribbon in his button-hole.

As the concert progressed, and the listeners, crowding the pretty little theatre, broke into wild enthusiasm upon the maestro's unapproachable rendering of some well-known theme of Bach, Gustave, in common with the rest of the orchestra, took up the refrain with that applause the artist's soul loves best, coming with generous spontaneity from his brothers in the guild.

On his final withdrawal, after repeated calls to the front, Joachim, in threading his way through the crowded musicians, their instruments and racks, passed close enough to old Thorez to be arrested by the look of rare and dreamy delight upon his wrinkled face.

"Thank you, *mon ami*," the great artist said, kindly, laying his hand upon Gustave's violin. "May your instrument never do less noble service to art than it has rendered me to night!"

To Gustave his speech was like an *accolade*. Thenceforward the violin, always dear, would be sacred to him, owning but one rival in his reverential love. His comrades smiled when, the concert over, they saw the *vieux mustache*, shouldering his treasure, march jauntily away, with a glow of color in his pallid face.

Nearing his lodging, in a quiet street beneath the shadow of the Panthéon, Gustave quickened his pace to an almost martial tread. Mounting the five flights of an interminable stone staircase, he gayly hummed the verse of a popular song.

"She will have reached home by this, and the supper will be ready. My mouth waters for the thigh of that cold roast fowl I saw her put away. Supposing that I don't tell her at once about my grand event? That will give zest to the salad and the cheese. It will cheer up my pretty Gabrielle, for she has been a trifle *triste* of late, I've fancied. Pretty, willful little Gabrielle! I have sometimes feared that taking Mademoiselle Cheri's place in the Cendrillon has turned her little head. *Tiens!* but I can feel beforehand the rose-leaf touch of her lips when she shall stand on tiptoe to give her old father *deux gros bons baisers* upon the cheeks!"

Gustave had reached the last landing, and was fumbling at his door.

"Gabrielle!" he called aloud, on opening it.

No answer, and his face fell.

"She will have been detained to sup, no doubt, with our good neighbor Madame Blanchet," he soliloquized, stumbling about in the dark to find his matches. "What! no table spread for the hungry *vieux papa!* Careless *petite* Gabrille!"

No light, no tempting little feast, no kiss of welcome, no answering voice! Not then, nor evermore!

People who cared to join in the mad struggle for life and limb leading to a rehearsal of the Philharmonic Society of New York, during that period of time before the society fell into its long and trance-like torpor, to be aroused by the magical baton of the wizard Thomas, may have observed among the violins upon the platform at the Academy of Music a blurred and sketchy outline of the old Thorez who had appeared upon the occasion of Joachim's début at the Athenée. The warlike mustache flopped drearily; the eye had lost its power to gleam or soften; the red ribbon on the worn old coat drooped like the banner upon a forsaken citadel.

Gustave had traced Gabrielle to America, and had come in search of her, but in the city of New York—that great and pitiless receiver of all unlawful foreign merchandise—the clew was lost. Obtaining a place in the orchestra of a reputable society, he had fallen into the groove of a solitary and unfriended life. Among the few who noticed him at all, Gustave passed for an honest but *toqué* old artist, whose harmless mania was the worship of his own violin.

One Friday afternoon of a bleak December day, at the close of the Philharmonic rehearsal, Gustave passed out of Fourteenth Street into Broadway, where, sauntering aimlessly down the sunny side of the block, he saw a lady descend from a carriage in front of a fashionable shop. He did not recognize the costly wrapping of seal-skin, half shrouding a slender form, nor yet the air of languid luxury. But whose was that beautiful veiled face, that tress of escaping golden hair, if not his Gabrielle's? Gasping for breath, Gustave held his violin against his breast and waited. When she came out of the shop on her way to the carriage, he intercepted her. Without a glance, she waved him impatiently aside.

"Gabrielle!" cried Thorez, with all his broken heart in that single word.

The girl started, looked him in the face, and caught her breath.

"You are mistaken, my good man, or mad. Do you want charity, or shall I have to ask the aid of a policeman to help me to my carriage?"

"Gabrielle!" the old man said again, falling back as if he had been shot.

At this juncture an interposing policeman took Gustave in charge, and, without elaborate inquiry, consigned him, with his violin, to a night's lodging in the station-house.

From that night of despair dated the downfall of his self-respect. His habits, before respectable, lapsed through every stage from bad to worse and worst. Losing his standing with musical societies of the higher rank, Gustave at the outset did not find it hard to earn a livelihood. Upon the first occasion when he was engaged to play for dancing at a second-rate ball, Gustave fiddled like a madman through the night, then went home to shed tears upon his desecrated violin. After work in the orchestras of petty theatres came music halls, then lower drinking dens. When once the old musician came out of one of these haunts to slink homeward in the gray of morning, he fell upon the icy sidewalk, and in trying to save his violin, received a severe concussion of the brain.

Getting up from his cot at Bellevue Hospital, after many days of prostration, something of Gustave's better nature came back to him. The nurses in his ward, finding the old fellow expert and biddable, made quite a pet of him, and eagerly pecking at the crumb of a kind word or a look of sympathy, Gustave, during his convalescence, began hopping about in the sunshine of human warmth like a reviving sparrow.

One day in March, when the winds were working havoc with flues and chimney draughts, the nurse of a pavilion ward called old Gustave in to try his skill upon a refractory stove-pipe in her department.

Close by where he was set to work, a screen surrounded one of the beds, and a litter stationed there told too plainly that the "feet of the dead" were about to be carried out.

"Here, Thorez, lend a hand, will you?" said his friend the nurse, coming from behind the screen. "We're short of 'elp this morning, and I'm in a 'urry to get this poor creature out of the ward at once. I'm all hupset with the night she's given me, and I can truly say a more pitifuler case never fell hunder my hobservation at 'ome or 'ere. Since she took the bad turn yesterday she's done nothink but jabber French and call 'papa! papa!' She ain't got a friend on hearth that hever I see, and she such a reg'lar beauty! Heart-disease it was, and shame and misery, that did the work. Hit's all ready now; you take the feet, will you?"

Gustave obeyed, and mechanically did the work assigned to him. As the men carried their covered burden out of the pavilion through the open yard, a great gust of wind, blowing suddenly across the river, lifted the sheet from off the shrouded form.

Then Gustave saw again the face of Gabrielle. When dismissed from the hospital, he wandered back to his old lodging, where for charity's sake the people gave him shelter for a night. Until nearly morning he leaned in a stupor over the table, resting his cheek upon the violin.

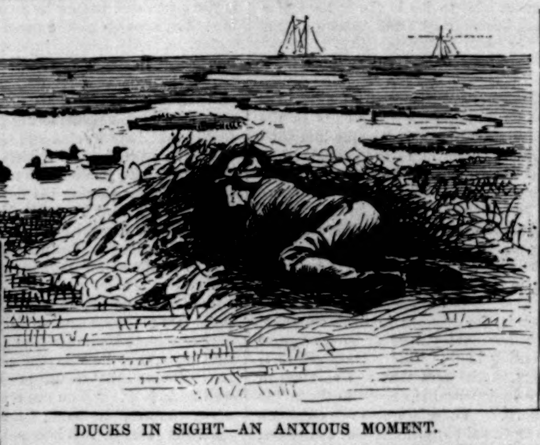
Just before dawn he lifted the instrument and tried to play. It was a faint and tuneless echo of the theme from Bach which Joachim had rendered at the concert of the Athenée.

Gustave dropped his bow, and seizing a fire-iron from the hearth, struck with all his force upon the violin, setting free forever the sweet spirit it enshrined.

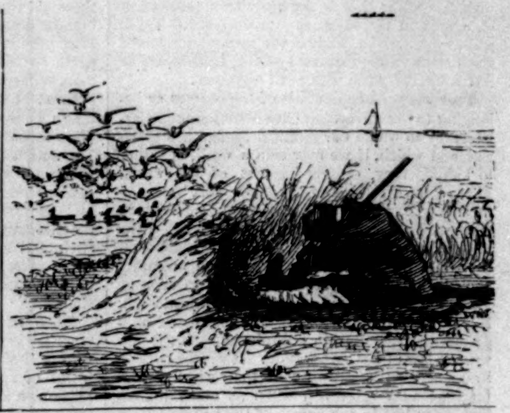
When, a few days after, the rushing river yielded up her dead, the body of Gustave Thorez was washed in upon the Fort Hamilton shore.

Upon a high shelf in the cupboard of his room, beside the wreck of an old French opera hat, making a dusty and feeble assertion of remote respectability, some people of the house found the shattered remnant of the dead musician's violin, in which a mouse was rearing up her brood.

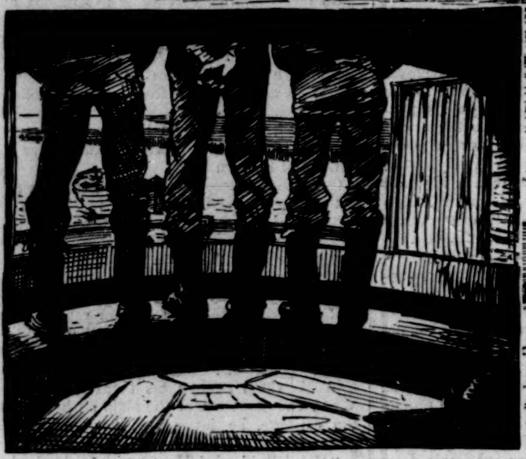
CONSTANCE CARY HARRISON.



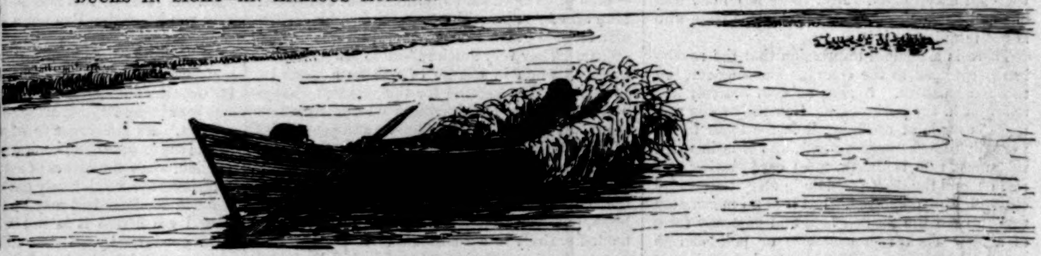
DUCKS IN SIGHT—AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.



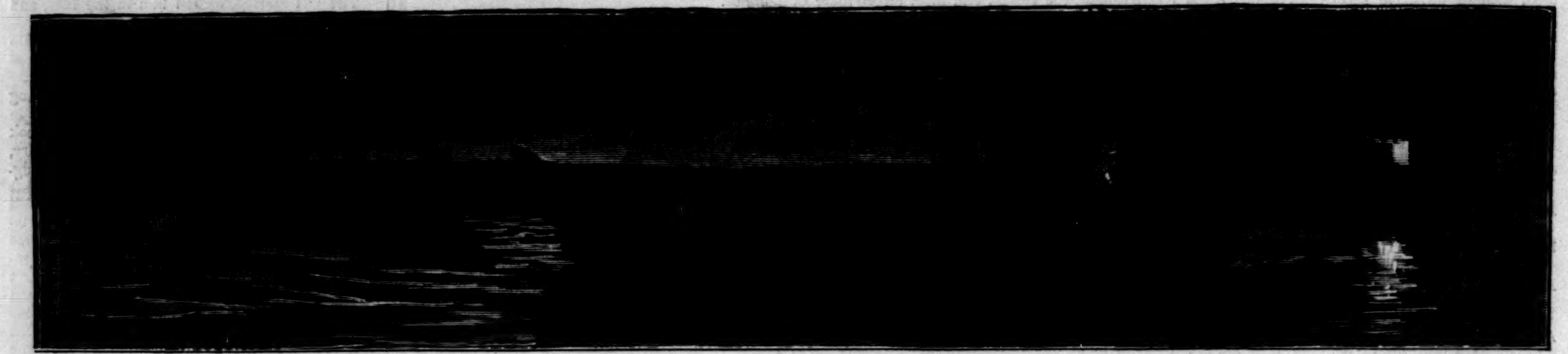
TIRED OUT.



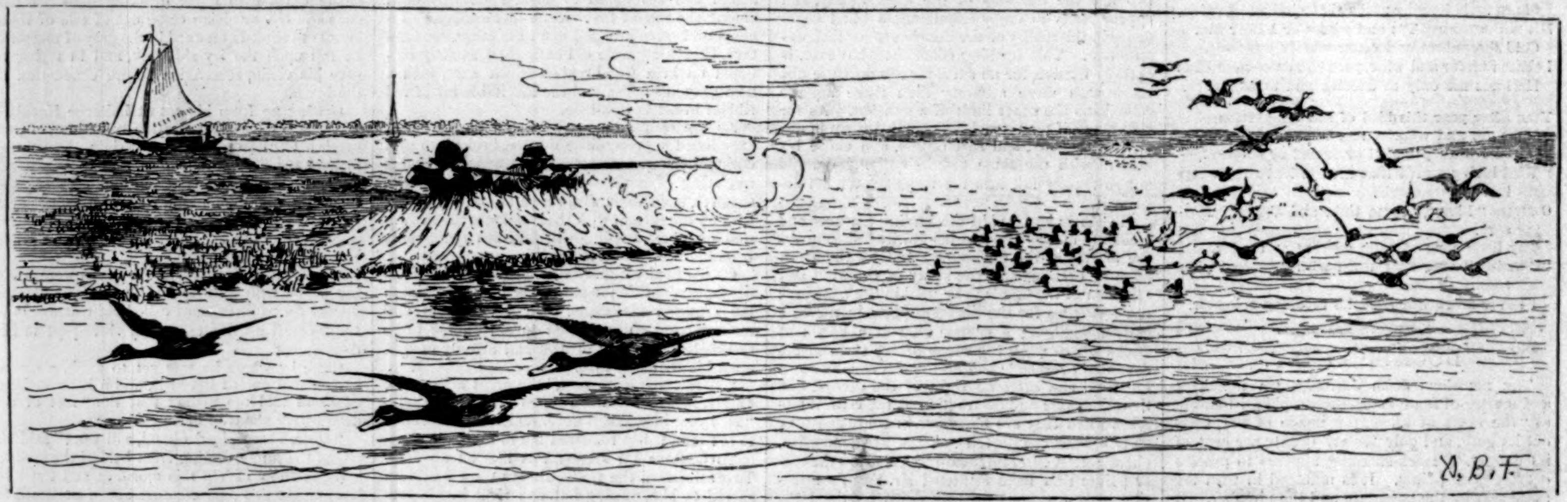
SURVEYING THE DUCK SHORES.



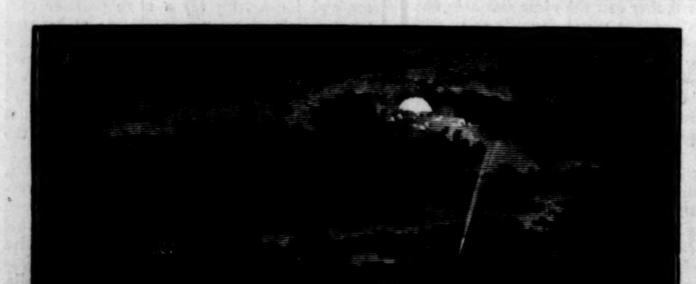
DRIFTING DOWN ON A BUNCH.



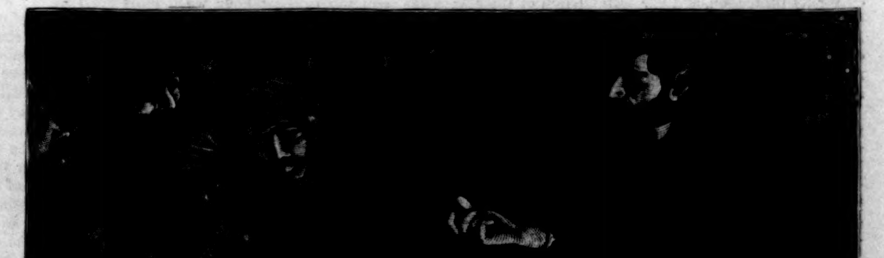
ROWING DOWN TO THE BLIND IN THE MORNING.



DEATH AND DESTRUCTION—FOUR BARRELS.

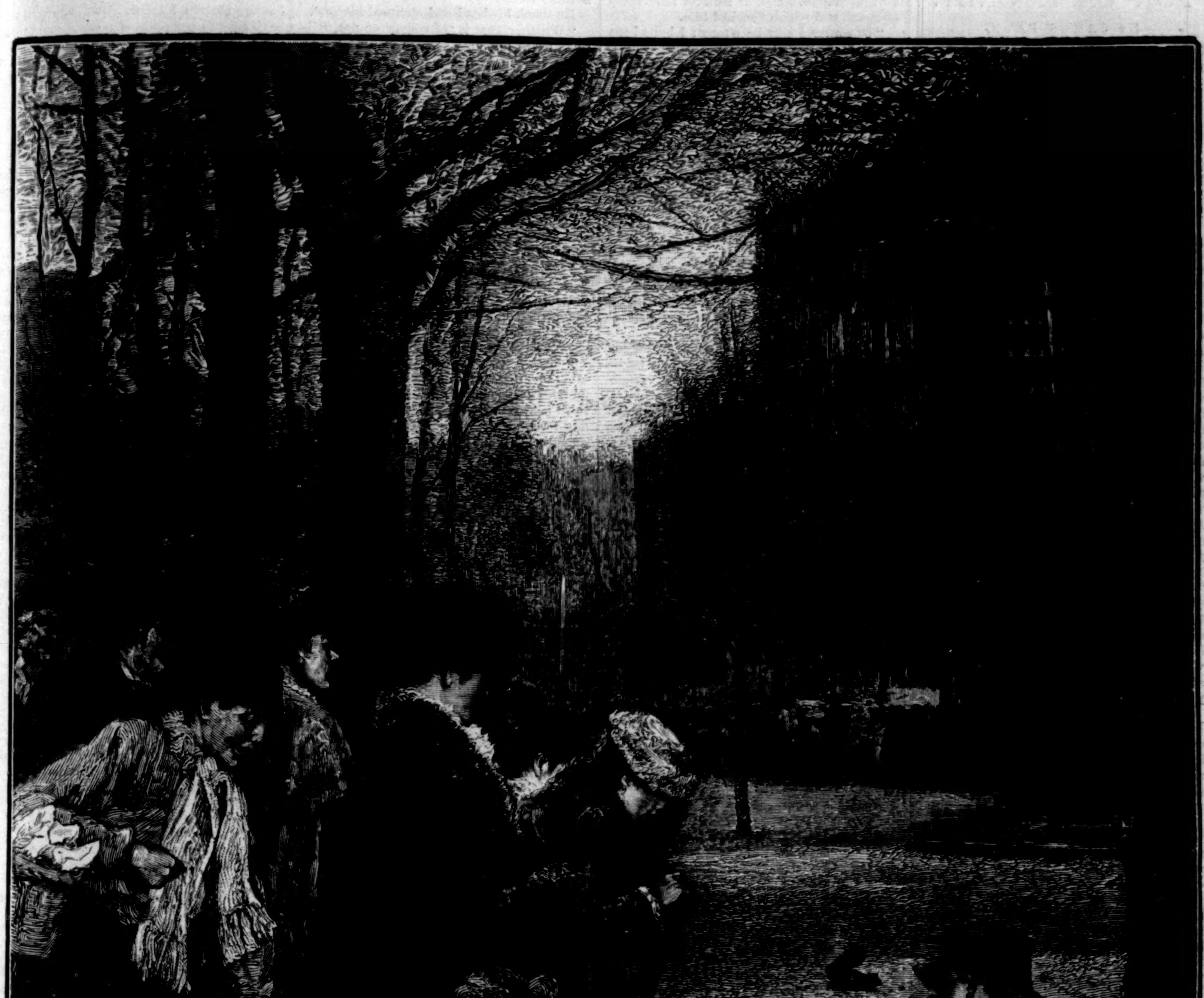


PASSING OVERHEAD—A CHANCE SHOT.



DUCK STORIES.

DUCK-SHOOTING NEAR THE CAPES OF DELAWARE.—DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.—[SEE PAGE 151.]



"FEEDING THE SQUIRRELS IN UNION SQUARE."

FROM THE PAINTING BY W. ST. JOHN HARPER.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1288.]

FOR CASH ONLY.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "From Exile," "Under One Roof," "Walter's Word," "Won—not Wooed," "What He Cost Her," etc.

CHAPTER XL.

AT HIS MERCY.

While Herbert and Gerald were having their unpleasant quarter of an hour together at Oak Lodge, a scene was being enacted under another roof in Stokeville hardly inferior to it in dramatic interest. There had been a dinner party at the Hall the previous night, in which three young people had returned from Sandford-on-Sea on purpose to take part. Indeed, it was a sort of informal banquet in honor of Mildred's marriage with Mr. Frank Farrer, which, it was understood, was to take place almost immediately. Mr. Farrer senior had been present as the guest of the evening. The old squire was not a frequent visitor at the Hall; his politics were opposed to those of Sir Peter; and being as great a man in his way as the knight himself, their intercourse partook of the character of that of the two kings of Brentford. Mr. Farrer's ancestor had come over with the Conqueror, and laid hands on certain property (belonging to other people) of which his descendants had never loosed their hold. They had stuck to the land like barnacles to a ship's bottom, a circumstance in the squire's eyes as meritorious as the behavior of a Casabianca. Whereas Sir Peter, "too proud to care from whence he came," plumed himself on being a sort of William the Conqueror in his own person. Then, to set against the latter's museum, which nobody visited, Mr. Farrer had built a model village, in which, since no public-house was allowed within two miles of it, very few people could be induced to live.

The squire had no title, but, on the other hand, was a knight of the shire, and cherished the remembrance of one of his ancestors having refused a baronetcy on the ground that it could add no dignity to his social position. It was true that both the fact and the ground were disputed; but that did not prevent a sense of self-sacrifice mingling with the squire's self-importance in a manner very agreeable to himself, and which was displayed to most advantage when, as on the present occasion, he could place his thumbs in the armholes of his white waistcoat, with his back to a drawing-room fire. Percy Fibbert remarked that his uncle's behavior that evening resembled that of a magnificent Newfoundland dog, eclipsed in the court-yard where he was wont to reign by the appearance of a St. Bernard. The necessity of being civil had not presented itself so forcibly to the worthy knight for years, and he resented it by many a private sniff and growl. But toward his rival he conducted himself with urbanity. If everything could not be said to go "as merrily as a marriage bell," it was because that pastoral description of enjoyment hardly suited an atmosphere so laden with wealth and redolent of importance. It was generally agreed that "there had been no hitch," which, on the whole, was satisfactory; for, considering the volcanic character of the chief elements, there might have been an explosion.

In the evening there had been a reception, which included half the beauty and three-fourths of the wealth of Stokeville; and if, as Sir Peter observed with pardonable pride to Dr. Dixon, "you could have figured them all up, the tottle would have been millions."

Mr. Frank Farrer did not return home with his father, but remained to accompany Mildred and the home party to some local entertainment the next day. He was a late riser, and on coming to the breakfast table found Mildred awaiting him alone, Sir Peter and Percy having already repaired to the mill as usual. There was an unwonted gravity in the young man's eyes and a pucker on his ordinarily smooth forehead that would have attracted the attention of most fiancées, but Mildred, who had her own reasons for seriousness, was too preoccupied to notice it. She gave him her cheek to kiss, as in duty bound, though in a somewhat perfunctory manner; but to her surprise, and even alarm, he took no advantage of the offer. There was a bloom on her cheek, not, it must be confessed, so natural as that which belongs to the peach, but for all that it was a very pretty cheek, and few men would have set their faces against it except in a physical sense.

"Why, Frank, what is the matter with you?"

"With *me*? Nothing," he answered, quietly. "I am no saint, Heaven knows, but I think I have nothing to reproach myself with. Can you say the same, Milly?"

She had no need of any extraneous color now. The warm blood rushed into her face in a torrent, and into her eyes there stole an affrighted look, which he took for tenderness alarmed, and which touched him.

"Of course I may be wrong; I hope I am wrong," continued the susceptible youth, laying his hand upon her shoulder, though not caressingly; "but there are matters which require explanation. Will you answer me one question—truly—before I go into them?"

She moved her head in assent; she could not speak; she would have given much to have been able to avoid his gaze, which was very fixed and earnest.

"Very good; it is simply this: do you really love me, Mildred?"

"Oh, Frank, what a question!"

"Yes; a strange question, no doubt, from an accepted lover; one too the date of whose marriage has been already fixed twice, and has twice been postponed *sine die*. Still, I must trouble you to answer it. Do you really love me?"

"My dear Frank, of course I do. I am not, it is true, a village girl to go into ecstasies; much less 'to sicken and to swoon,' like the girls in poetry books."

"I admit that; still, I hope you are not quite like the girls in the book you gave me to read the other day—*Butterflies*, I think it was called. Girls without any hearts at all, and some very queer ways of their own. They have their attractions, no doubt, but scarcely as wives."

"I really don't know what you mean, Frank. Am I to prepare for a lecture on morals?"

"Pray, pray, don't talk like that, Mildred!" said the other, earnestly. "No; I am not fitted to preach morality, even if I had the gift of preaching. Far from it."

"You are good enough for me," answered Mildred, softly.

"Nevertheless I wish I was better, for your sake—that is, if goodness has anything to do with the matter at all. I sometimes think it has not. You don't know how difficult it is for me to talk like this—I mean to express my thoughts."

And the young man left her side and began to pace the room.

Mildred uttered a gentle sigh; really of release, for the touch of his fingers had embarrassed her strangely. It was something that she had got rid of his searching eyes, and could collect her thoughts and prepare her defense.

"My dear Frank, I think you are a little *exigeant*."

"Mildred, for Heaven's sake, speak English," he exclaimed, curtly. "I hate those artificial ways and phrases. They are good enough for ball-room flirtations; but let us two for once—and before it is too late—understand one another. When I asked, 'Do you really love me?' I meant something more than, 'Will you bear my name; will you sit at the head of my table; will you accompany me to dinner parties and balls?' If you don't know what I mean, it will be very sad for both of us."

"But I really do love you, Frank."

"I thank you; and I believe you; but unhappily there is another question, Mildred, to me at least equally important, and which I must have answered with equal truth—it is this." He had come up to her again and taken both her hands in his, and was once more looking straight into her eyes. "You have said you love me—well enough, at all events, as I conclude, to marry me—but before I make you my wife you must assure me of one thing. Upon your honor, Mildred—for your honor and mine may be concerned in it—do you not love some one else better?"

"How cruel, how unjust you are!" she cried. "What could have put so shameful an idea into your head?"

"Since you have called it shameful," returned the young man, coldly, "let the term stand: it is you who have used it and not I. I am willing to believe that under the influence of certain notions they have picked up, and which they think are agreeable to us men—but which, believe me, are not so—girls allow themselves a certain license. I don't want to be hard upon you, Mildred, Heaven knows, but things have happened—you think I am a fool, but I have noticed them—between you and Percy which annoy me."

"Percy! You silly, jealous boy, what can you mean?"

"Well, to be frank, did you not kiss him in the conservatory last night?"

"He kissed me, because he is my cousin."

"Pardon me—for I had the misfortune to see it—*you* kissed him. It did not seem to me a very cousinly kiss; but let that pass. My question is, do you prefer any other man—your cousin, for example, to me?"

She hung her head like any rose or peony, but he still held her firmly, and never took his earnest eyes from her burning face.

"Percy is so different," she murmured: "we were brought up together. I have not known you nearly so long; but then, of course, when we are married he will be nothing to me."

He shook his head and stamped his foot.

"Whether that is 'of course' or not, Mildred, I will not have it. Do you hear me? You must choose between him and me."

"I *have* chosen," she murmured. She looked weak and faint, and he placed his arm about her mechanically, to give her the support she seemed to need.

"If I could only believe you," he said, softly.

Her whisper filled his pulses with the fullness of the spring, her touch drew back his ebbing love as the tide draws the wave.

"If I forgive you, will you promise me that—that—what I saw last night shall never happen again?"

"It never shall. Oh, Frank, it never could if we were married."

He did not perceive the inconsistency of this assertion with her late plea of kinship. His position was scarcely favorable to logic, yet passion had not quite blinded him.

"Your promise is sufficient for me," he said; "but there must be no more of it, and no more risk of it. I ask you now, for the third time and the last, Mildred, to name the day for our marriage. For your own sake as well as mine it must be an early date."

"An early date," she murmured, mechanically.

"Yes, that I insist upon; three weeks, or four at latest. I have waited long enough. And you have broken your promise twice. It must not happen a third time."

"And if it does?"

"'If it does!'—why do you drive me to say such things? I go to Sir Peter, and with much regret, but certainly without hesitation, retract the offer which, under the false impression that she loved me, I once made for his daughter's hand. What is the matter? Are you mad, Mildred?

She had slipped from his hold upon her knees, and seized his hand.

"Spare me! spare me!" she cried; "I can never be your wife. I have treated you very ill—not shamefully, no!"—for he had drawn back from her, with a look of fiery scorn—"but very falsely and ungratefully. Listen! listen!" He stooped down, scarce knowing what he did, and she whispered in his ear. He staggered back as though a blow had struck him, then drew himself up, as she too rose and with a burst of tears hid her face within her trembling hands.

"I wish you, madam," he said, with chilling coldness, "a very good morning."

"Oh, Frank—oh, sir—for pity's sake!"

Sobs choked her utterance, but she stretched out her arms and turned her tear-stained face in dumb appeal toward him.

"What would you have me do?" he asked, not quite unmoved, despite his wrath, by the piteous sight. "Have you not used me for your own purposes enough? Would you befool me further still?"

"No, Frank, no; but I might have done it. It was remorse that made me tell you. I deserve any punishment at your hands. But you did love me once, and if you expose me, it will be my ruin. Spare me! spare me!"

"What is it you want?" he inquired, hoarsely,

"Time, only time. You would not have me turned out of my father's house? He is vexed and troubled just now about business matters, and easily moved to anger, and if he came to know—"

"Deceive him, then, as you have deceived me," put in the other. "It will be easy work for you, but as for me, I am a dull man. I could not play a false part if I would"

The bitterness of his speech was lost on her; she saw nothing but the simplicity of it and her own danger.

"But you can be silent," she said, earnestly; "silence is all I ask, I beseech of you, and even that but for a little while. You have a generous heart, Frank; do not trample on me."

"A generous heart!" he answered, scornfully. "That means that I am a fool."

"No, no." Her tone was genuine enough; at that moment, at all events, while she marked his indecision, and saw that despite his wrongs he had half a mind to spare her, she estimated him aright; she felt that dullness, with a heart behind it, was preferable after all to the polished cynicism and selfish passion which she had hitherto mistaken for virtues; the heroes of her fancy were but fops or worse, and here was a true gentleman. "Oh, Frank, forgive me!"

"That I can not do, madam," was his quiet reply. "I am not, however, one to revenge myself upon a woman. I will not tell a lie to save you any more than I would tell a lie to save a friend; but I will hold my tongue, unless compelled to speak. I will say nothing to Sir Peter."

"You are too good, too kind. Oh, Frank, Frank, I was never worthy of you."

"It is a pity," he answered, coldly, "you did not mention that before. You can tell your father. But why should I cudgel my dull wits for pretexts for one who has them at her fingers' ends? I was never clever enough for you, I know. Well, you will not have that to complain of now. Good-morning."

"One word of pardon, Frank, dear Frank—"

But the door had closed upon him; he was gone.

CHAPTER XLI.

MISS DARRELL AT HOME.

There is a story extant respecting the golden wedding of an excellent pair. "Joan and I," said Darby, "have never had a quarrel, and we have been married fifty years." Joan nodded her gray head assentingly, but was heard to murmur under her breath, "And uncommonly dull it has been." But things may be dull—though people may not—and still pleasant. Upon the whole I am inclined to think that the good folks who live what is scornfully termed humdrum lives have the best of it in this world. One may cultivate literature and love, even friendship, on a very little, so long as there is no absolute pinching; and what is called "society" can be very well dispensed with. In Bellingham Park, N., there are absolutely no "carriage people"; even a hired brougham is an unusual spectacle—a private one as rare as the griffin it bears on its panels; yet it is possible to live there quite happily, and to go to heaven afterward upon other grounds than that of compensation.

The house occupied by Miss Darrell and Clare Lyster was a small one, but it stood in a large square, which looked into what was commonly called "the garden," common to its inhabitants, but cut off from the public. A little balcony on each drawing-room floor afforded a pleasant seat in summer-time, with plenty of light and air. One could sit there and read or knit, watching the players at croquet and lawn tennis (though it has had grass), and fancy one's self a hundred miles from London; and it had the enormous advantage over a country residence that it was not necessary to know one's neighbors. You made your own acquaintances, or none, as you pleased. Miss Darrell knew very few people. Time never hung heavy on her hands. She had excellent tastes; was fond of reading and eating; and rejoiced in the possession of a magnificent Persian cat, black as a coal, and soft as velvet. "Fluff" never palled on her as a companion. His temper had no uncertainties about it; provided that he had good meals often, regularly, and in abundance, and was allowed to lie where he liked, his behavior was angelic. The last *sine qua non* was a little inconvenient, for his favorite resting-place was somebody's shoulders, on which he would leap unexpectedly, and repose with his head and tail curled round their necks like a tippet. Of this habit his mistress was far from complaining, and would desist from any pursuit in which she was engaged (save saying her prayers) rather than disturb her favorite; but strangers, especially at meal times, were wont to be alarmed by this proceeding.

I am afraid it is not too much to say that by their conduct under these trying circumstances their hostess was inclined to gauge their characters. If they only turned red or white (which is a matter of complexion), and murmured, "What an affectionate creature!" they established themselves in Miss Darrell's good graces beyond the reach of scandal, or even of well-founded accusation; if they shrieked, "Oh Lor', how it frightened me!" she smiled compassionately, and set them down as "poor creatures"; if they cried, "Ah, the horrid beast!" and shook the interesting animal from its perch—which did not happen without a struggle—she used to say of them, "I don't wish to be uncharitable, but I am afraid so-and-so has not much heart."

Even with this "rider" (for a drawback she would never consider it to be) Miss Darrell's dinners were attractive to all persons of judgment. Her cook at twenty-five pounds a year was better than most people's cooks at forty pounds. Her mistress was not so foolish as to teach her all she knew, but she taught her some things, and when she wanted anything particularly well done—that is, cooked—she adopted the well-known plan of doing it herself. Instead of a blue-stocking—a school-mistress—she was fitted by nature for a *cordon bleu*. In other kinds of art she was perhaps a little deficient. Her touch on the piano smacked of the academy; the pictures that adorned her walls did *not*; they were of the most heterogeneous description; though most of them had cost money, it is fair to say she had not bought them herself.

"That is Miss Gill's," she said of a charming landscape that had attracted her young friend's admiration on her first arrival.

"Indeed!" said Clare. "I thought it had been a Birket Foster."

"So it is, my dear. I was speaking of the old pupil who gave it me."

Association was more powerful with her than art, and the names of Jones and Brown and Robinson, with now and then a title of nobility and wealth, usurped those of the painters with whose works they had presented her. Her gift-books were still more various, and whoever had attempted to portray Miss Darrell's character by the contents of her library would have been puzzled. The fault of the establishment was its extreme neatness, which rivalled that of a model prison.

"I know everything looks very stiff, my dear," she said, when Clare first surveyed her little drawing-room; "you must mend that with your better taste. I can not get out of the way of making preparations for pupils' parents (though, thank Heaven, I have done with them), who like things to be in spick and span order." But Miss Darrell herself was not stiff. Nothing could exceed the cordiality of her welcome to Clare, or the evident delight she experienced in her becoming her home companion; for her guest she had positively declined to be. It had been arranged that the two ladies should share the expense of housekeeping between them.

"I am afraid you find it very different from the fashion of life at Oak Lodge, my dear," said Miss Darrell one morning. The coffee, which came from "the stores," had fallen short, and some had been procured from the neighborhood to supply the deficiency: as is the case with all London suburbs, almost every article bought within two miles of Bellingham Park was adulterated, or inferior, except in price.

"If I thought you were capable of such a thing, Nannie, I should say you were fishing for a compliment," returned Clare. "I am not much of a judge in such matters, but your fare seems to me better than I have ever tasted, except on those rare occasions when I feasted at Stokeville Hall; certainly much better than we had at home."

"That was because you trusted to your cook alone," cried Miss Darrell, modestly. "Here cook and I are a firm. For my part, I don't believe in low living and high thinking. Mere beef, as Sir Andrew Aguecheek discovered, dulls the wits."

"No doubt it is pleasanter to have things nice," admitted Clare. "I have often wondered, if matters had turned out worse for me materially—as they might easily have done—how I should have borne real poverty. I am glad it did not happen, for I think it possible my poor philosophy might have broken down altogether; it would have been dreadful to find one's self a moral failure."

"No doubt; I should not fear *that*, however, in your case, so much as your inability to provide yourself with the necessaries of life; even stuff of this kind—chiccory. If you knew, as I know, how difficult it is for young girls brought up in luxury, and with only accomplishments to support them, to live—to keep soul and body together! Bah! when I hear people talk slightingly of such things, or worse, in their high philosophic way, about the cleansing fires of adversity, I could shake them."

"Do you think I should have starved, Nannie," inquired Clare, earnestly, "if that dreadful bank had swallowed up all poor papa's money?"

"You would not have starved, my dear, because Annie Darrell, alive or dead, would have prevented it."

"You dear old thing! At the same time you are making me out very useless."

"On the contrary, your uses are incontestable; but they are what tall-talking folks would call 'the higher uses'; these fetch a very small price in the open market. Dear, dear! don't let us talk about it any longer, please. Where were we before we began the 'doldrums,' as Miss Gill used to term every subject that had the slightest seriousness about it? Oh, the difference of life at Oak Lodge and Bellingham Park. Well, one of our disadvantages is that one might as well be in Kamtchatka, as far as visitors are concerned—people won't leave the centres of civilization to explore these benighted districts."

"I will endeavor to survive the absence of morning callers, Nannie."

"However, there is one rather nice person who has lately come to live in this neighborhood, and whom we shall see something of, I hope; indeed, he has promised to take an early dinner with us to-day; he is a railway engineer."

"Indeed! That reminds me of Cousin Herbert."

"Yes, I think he will remind you, in some things," said Miss Darrell, thoughtfully, "of Herbert. By-the-bye, I am sorry to say that your cousin has been anticipated in his plan for breathing under water by another inventor. That is always the way with your scientific geniuses: it is ten to one that somebody has entertained their ideas beforehand."

"I am so sorry!" exclaimed Clare, regretfully.

"Oh, it does not much matter. 'I am full of inventions,' he writes; 'and since water won't do—'"

"He *writes*?" interrupted Clare. "Why, I was wondering why he had been so long silent. Have you heard from him?"

Miss Darrell had dropped her knitting-needles, and stooping for them on the carpet, came up with a good deal of color in her face.

"To be sure; I forgot to tell you. Yes, he wrote to me quite lately. You need not look so indignant because he chooses to write to another young woman. You have not a copyright in his letters, have you?"

For a moment Clare herself had the appearance of having stooped for knitting-needles.

"A copyright! Of course not. But you know how interested I am in all that concerns Herbert. And I had become quite alarmed at his long silence."

"You should have mentioned that, my dear," said the old lady, quietly. "I had no idea you entertained such solicitude upon his account. I'm sure he'll be very flattered to hear it."

"It is quite unnecessary to tell him anything of the sort, Nannie."

"No doubt; it is quite unnecessary to make any young man vainer than he is already."

"I didn't mean that at all," replied Clare, earnestly. "The very last thing of which Herbert can be accused is vanity. He is the most modest of men."

"There's a margin even in that eulogy," observed Miss Darrell. "I am afraid it is almost as difficult to find a modest young man in these days as—well, as a modest young lady. Of course, my dear, the present company—you and I—are exceptions; but I have noticed—though it may be only a coincidence—that since I gave up teaching, young women have deteriorated. As to Herbert Newton, he is certainly a favorable specimen of his sex in some respects. A little too prudent, perhaps, for his years. For my part I don't mind a little extravagance in a young man."

"Oh, Nannie, think what it may lead to!" exclaimed Clare. "That is how things began with poor Gerald."

"No, they didn't. They began with killing cats. He was a vile, cruel boy. (Here she looked at Fluff.) *Poor* Gerald! What a deal of surplus pity, my dear Clare, there must be in your composition! Think of '*poor* Gerald's' wife."

"I do think of her, Nannie. I have got her sad letter by heart. And when you talk of Herbert's prudence, it should remind you that he is not frugal for his own sake. She writes of him as if he was an angel."

"That is only by comparison; she has not had much experience of angels, you see; indeed, quite the contrary."

To this Clare answered nothing, but sighed softly, and looked at her plate.

"Now I would give something," murmured the school-mistress to herself, "to know whom you are thinking of, miss. Is it 'poor Gerald,' or is it Herbert? I am sure I have abused him enough; yet, although you have defended him, it has been in a very lukewarm manner—in quite a different fashion from that in which you used to stick up for somebody else. What I should have liked to have done—and what you ought to have done—and what you *would* have done, if you knew all—would have been to put yourself in a frightful passion. You ought to be ashamed of yourself that you didn't fly at me like a tiger! But the fact is you don't care twopence about the young fellow. It makes me sick of my own sex. I sometimes think that, as respects his winning a girl's love, there is no use in a man's being good. As I'm a living woman, I believe you are thinking of Fibber even now. How can one wonder that there are so many miserable wives in the world, with husbands who execute *pas seuls* in clogs on them, when even a girl like you can cling to such rubbish? If I had ventured to praise dear Herbert, it is ten to one you would have picked a hole in him, and then I should have lost my temper and spoiled all."

She concluded these private reflections with a suppressed "Bah!" of disgust, as near Gerald's "Yah!" as it was possible for a lady who had passed her life in polite education to go.

"Was there any news in Herbert's letter about—about Stokeville?" inquired Clare, after a long pause.

"Oh, yes," returned Miss Darrell, cheerfully. "The sale at the Lodge was turning out, on the whole, satisfactory. He has taken care to remove all the things which he thought were endeared to you by association, and which you might wish to retain."

"That is very kind and thoughtful of him," observed Clare, softly.

"Well, he seems to have taken some little trouble about it, considering the selfishness of young men in general," remarked Miss Darrell.

"No one who knows him would dream of calling Herbert selfish," observed Clare.

"What an aggravating girl it is!" muttered the old lady, indignantly. "She might be talking of the dead for all her face tells to the contrary. Why doesn't she flare up like magnesium wire?"

"And was there no other news, Nannie?" continued Clare, indifferently, and brushing a crumb from her fingers.

"Now I wonder what sort of news she wants?" reflected the old lady. "If it's anything from the Hall, I wouldn't tell her even if I could. Yes," she continued, aloud, "Herbert tells me that Rachel is gone into other lodgings, and seems pretty comfortable—Why, dear me, there's a ring at the front-door bell! People are very unfashionable at Bellingham Park, but who can possibly be making a call at this time in the morning? Hush! that's a man's voice. Did you hear it?" She shot a glance at Clare sharp enough to pierce her through and through.

"Yes; I think it is a man's voice," said Clare, quickly.

"It's a man's step too," continued the old lady. "Who can it be, Clare?"

"My dear Nannie, how can I possibly tell? It is somebody, I suppose, upon your visiting-list."

The old lady sighed, and turned to the door, at which the parlor-maid had made her appearance with a card upon a salver. It would have been as much as her place was worth (exactly) to have brought it in in her hand.

Miss Darrell took the card and, hardly glancing at it, passed it on to her companion.

"Dear me!" cried Clare, delightedly. "This is an unexpected pleasure. Why, Nannie, I do believe you knew he was coming all along!"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I did. I thought it would be a nice little surprise for you. Let us come and see him."

Her tone was joyless, and ill fitted to her words. It seemed to the old lady that her "surprise" had utterly missed fire. As she led the way into the drawing-room she murmured to herself, "She didn't know his footstep, she didn't know his voice. The poor dear lad might just as well have staid at Coalborough."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THE fact that the telegraph poles through a certain region of California have been honey-combed by woodpeckers is accounted for on the theory that the birds mistake for the hum of bees the buzzing sound in the wood produced by the vibration of the wires.

It is proposed to remove three small islands from the narrowest part of Behring's Strait, and let enough of the Japanese current through to "melt the ice in the polar seas, and reclaim a vast empire for civilization."

The benefit of occasional fasting is illustrated by the case of Peter Lappan, a Canadian. He was accidentally shot through the body, and the wound was pronounced fatal, as it was believed that the bullet had pierced the stomach. But he had been fasting for thirty-six hours, the digestive organs occupied less than their usual space, the bullet had touched no vital part, and Lappan recovered.

The owner of the largest peach orchard in the world has already been heard from this season, and his utterance is noteworthy as being the first hopeful prediction ever known to have been made concerning a growing peach crop by its owner. He says, "I reckon this is my year." He has fifty thousand bearing trees near Griffin, Georgia; and lest some one should claim to have a larger orchard than he, he will set out two hundred acres more in the fall.

A young man who was not invited to a surprise party in Cleveland took the young lady who was to be surprised to the theatre, and when he returned with her, after the play and luncheon, there was surprise all around except in his own case.

Two young women of Illinois are making a tour of Texas on bicycles. They intend to cross to Florida, and come up the Atlantic coast later in the year.

It is told of a wealthy merchant who invited an illustrious painter to dine with him that he remarked in the course of the visit: "I had a son myself who was passionately devoted to art, and I sent him to Paris, where he was for ten years studying in the atelier of the famous Crepasson."

"Ah, and was he successful?"

"Successful? Sir, at this moment he owns the second largest factory of artificial fertilizers in the country."

Since Mr. Proctor, the English astronomer, told how the world might come to an end fifteen years hence, there is a strong disposition to refer to him as Father Shipton.

"Her geographical situation alone will secure success and establish her prestige." This is said of Louisville, Kentucky, by a newspaper of that city, in an article on the mule trade.

The suggestion comes from the far West that if Mr. Hendricks declines to run for the Vice-Presidency in 1884, "it may become necessary for the Democrats to nominate a suit of gray, stuffed with Indiana straw."

The steam-ships *Chiltern* and *Great Northern* were half a mile apart near Bombay. The *Chiltern* had the shore end of a cable, and was thus in telegraphic communication with that city. The *Great Northern* had on board the sea end of the cable, and was in communication with Aden. When the *Chiltern* desired to communicate with the other vessel, half a mile distant, a message was sent from her test-room, through all the coils of cable in her hold, to Bombay, thence to Aden, and from Aden through the cable to the *Great Northern*—a route between 3000 and 4000 miles long. Later, when the vessels had approached to within a quarter of a mile of each other, communication between them was carried on in the same way.

NEW FATIGUE UNIFORM FOR THE NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARD.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL TOWNSEND has issued an order for the adoption of a new fatigue uniform, which is briefly as follows:

A cap or kepi of dark blue cloth, with falling top, falling crescent-shaped visor, etc.

Uniform Coat for Infantry.—A double-breasted dark blue blouse or basque, tunic cut, the skirt to be of a length to touch a yard-stick held horizontally and closely against crotch of legs in measuring; pleats in the skirt of the coat on each side of an opening behind, to be faced with Nicholson blue cloth ornamented with large State buttons, two straps of dark blue let into the seam at point of hip bone, and buttoned above the hip with dark blue lasting button to sustain the waist belt; shoulder-straps of light blue let into the shoulder cam; coat to be lined with farmer's satin, with shallow breast pocket on left side.

Artillery.—The same as infantry, except that shoulder-straps, slashes in sleeves, pleats on skirt, and collar to be of scarlet cloth.

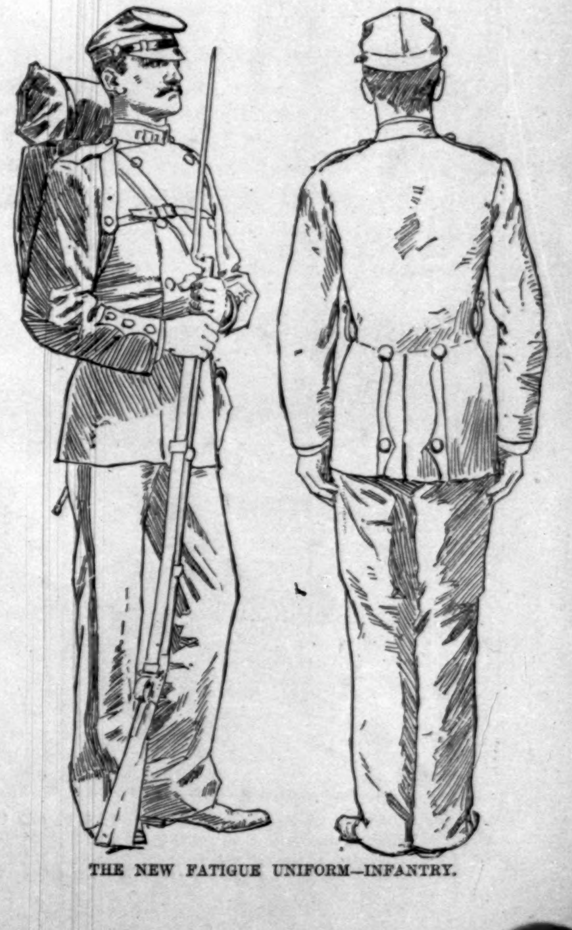
Cavalry.—The same as infantry, except that shoulder-straps, slashes in sleeves, pleats on skirt, and collar to be of orange-colored cloth.

Uniform Trousers for Infantry.—Sky-blue kersey cut straight, with dark blue side stripe an inch and a quarter wide.

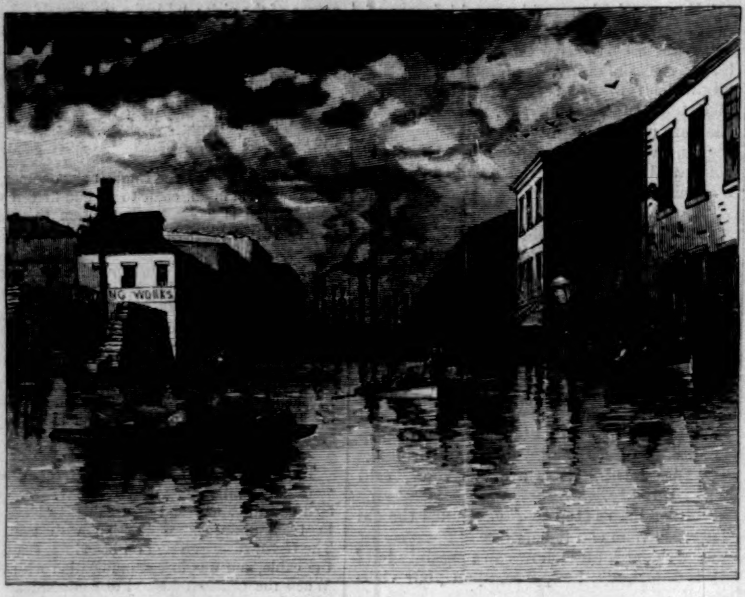
Artillery.—The same as infantry, except side stripes to be of scarlet cloth.

Cavalry.—The same as infantry, except side stripes to be of orange-colored cloth.

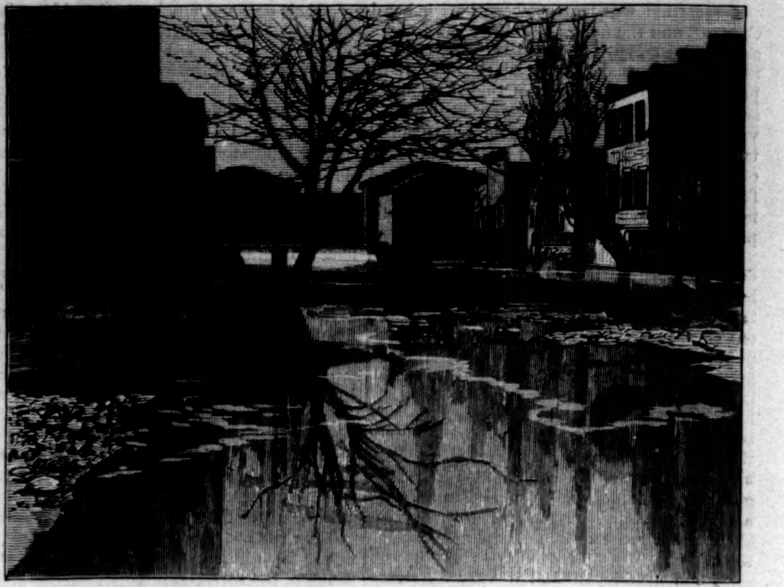
Our illustrations, from photographs by JAMES U. STEAD, show the fatigue uniform for infantry. The dress uniform will remain as at present, varied according to the choice of each regiment.



THE NEW FATIGUE UNIFORM—INFANTRY.



WATER STREET, CINCINNATI.—Photographed by Landy.



BELLEVIEW AND ISABELLA STREETS, NEWPORT, KENTUCKY.—Photographed by Landy.

THE GREAT FLOODS.

The great floods in the Ohio, Mississippi, and other rivers, of which we gave an account last week, continued for some days with unabated violence, doing an amount of damage to property and causing a loss of human life which can not yet be estimated. In many places on the Lower Mississippi the levees gave way, allowing the surging flood to sweep over and lay waste a wide extent of fertile territory. Hundreds of families were made homeless, and reduced from comfort to the utmost poverty and misery. At Carson's Landing the levee broke in the night-time. The sleeping citizens, aroused by the roar of the flood, had barely time to escape, without waiting to clothe themselves. In Arkansas City, Arkansas, the lower story of every building was invaded by the rising waters, in some instances to the depth of twenty inches.

Accounts of suffering and loss of life come from every quarter of the submerged regions, and the country will doubtless be called upon to assist thousands of people who have been thus suddenly deprived of the means of subsistence. No previous inundation has been so destructive. The levees which still hold their own are the refuge of hundreds of men, women, and children, half naked, cold, and starving, waiting for the waters to subside. But they can only look forward to a return to desolated homes, unfit for habitation, to farms which the floods have transformed into a waste.

Our illustrations show some of the effects of the floods in the Ohio and the Mississippi. The white line across the picture of Newport, Kentucky, indicates the height to which the water reached before the photograph was taken. The lower picture shows a break in a Mississippi levee, with workmen engaged in the effort to repair it.

THE NEW FULTON MARKET.

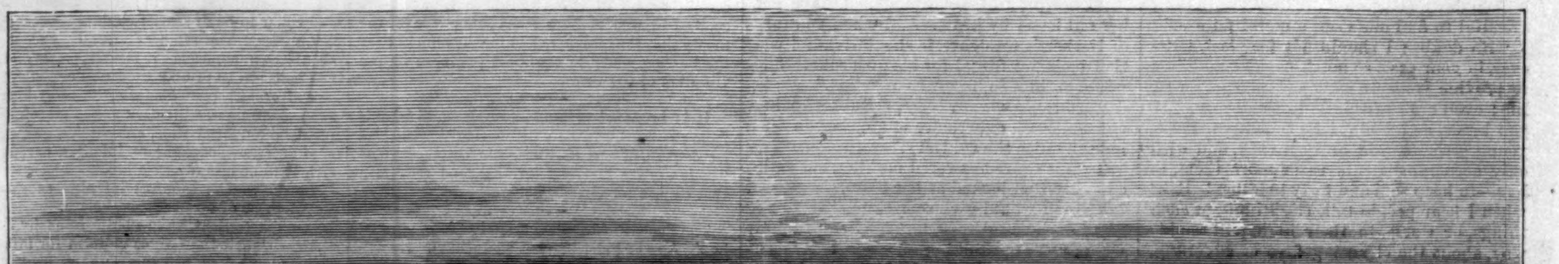
The original plan of Fulton Market, as it was built in the city of New York some sixty years ago, was that of an open court. There were three sides, on Front, Beekman, and Fulton streets, and the produce wagons entered on South Street. In time, the population of the city augmenting, the demand for room within the market increased; then the interior space was jotted here and there with stands, until it was entirely filled up. That this was the original condition of the market, with an interior court, is quite evident from the fact that the remains of flagging and paving were found when the recent demolition took place.

Like all such aggregations where there is no definite plan, accident, circumstance, or convenience directing the newer development, a most wretched, unsightly, and inconvenient structure resulted. Make-shift constructions were run up here and there within the market, and the floor and the roof were elevated or depressed in the most irregular way. The result was that in 1880 New York had in Fulton Market the ugliest, the most untidy, and the most dangerous public building that could be found throughout the whole country. From the composite character of its roof, there was every chance that some winter's day, after a heavy snow-storm, the whole upper covering would come down. Risks of fire were so much increased that a conflagration was imminent at any time. Once or twice every year minor fires took place. From the fact, not so generally known, that no piling had been used in the early construction, the supports of the market were all out of line. The danger of doing business in such a ramshackle building increased every day. Deficient in the very first requisites of drainage, the neighborhood of the market became absolutely offensive.

It may be said to the credit of **John Kelly** that in 1879 he was the first to give some attention to a committee of the market-men, Messrs. **Robbins**, **Ottmann**, **Blackford**, **Fleming**, **Cormack**, and **Middleton**, who, as stand-holders, brought the true condition of the market to his notice. In examining into the subject of revenues, it was found that the rental of the market was $48,064, of which sum $15,310 came from the liquor business in the cellars. Mr. **Kelly** proposed that, if the law permitted it, it might be feasible on the part of the stand-holders to lease the ground on which the market stood, and erect a building for themselves. But this privilege was found subsequently to be beyond the power of the city to grant.

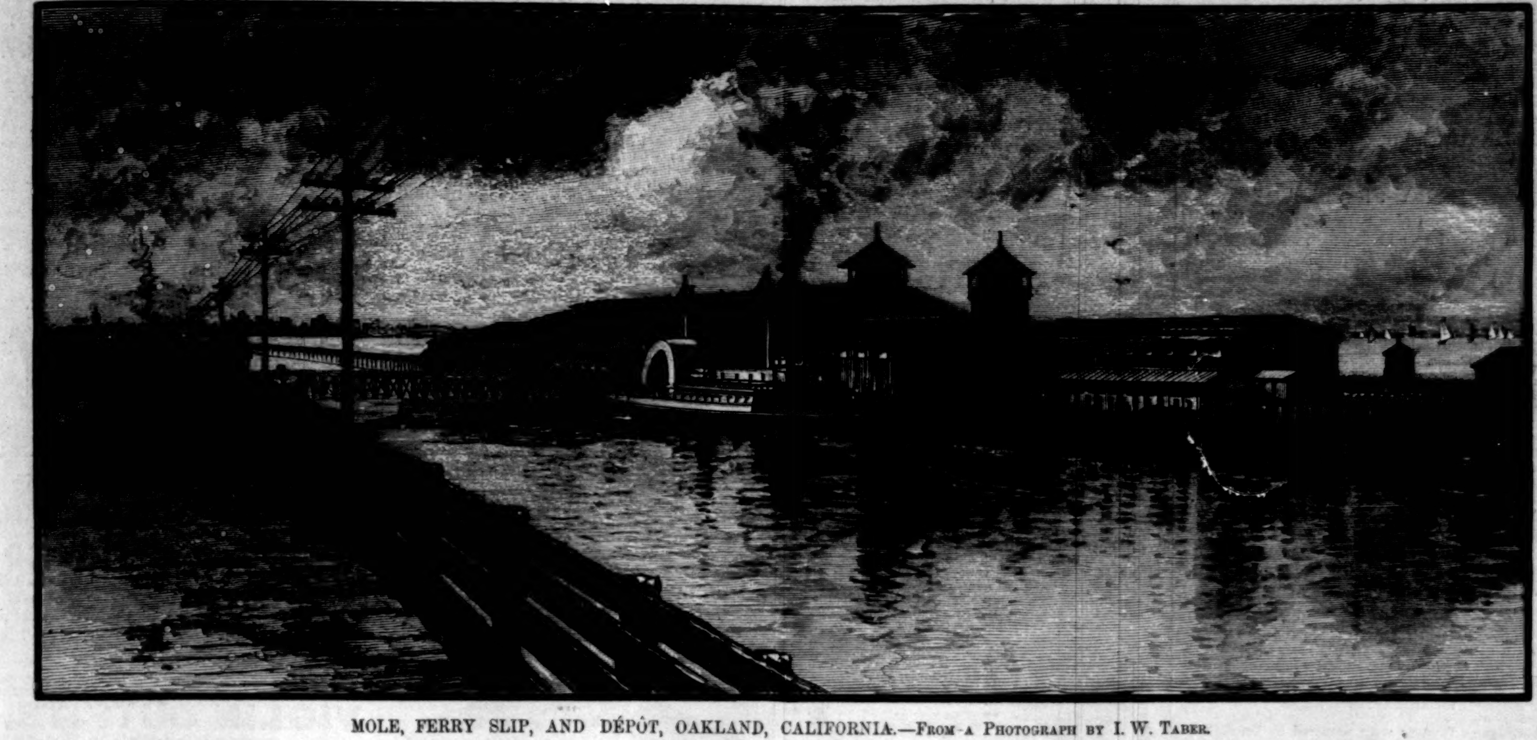
Then the plan of rebuilding a market which had been condemned by the Board of Health and the Department of Buildings as dangerous and unsafe languished for a season. Nothing daunted, however, a bill was prepared after a while, and sent to the Legislature, which provided for the building of a new market. This bill, after having passed both Houses, was vetoed by the Governor in 1880, on perhaps the just ground that the cost of the new structure had not been ascertained.

Now the committee of market-men apparently gave up their work of reconstruction—all save one. This person, endowed with much good sense, energy, and honesty, determined to devote all his time toward the accomplishment of this object—the demolition of the old building and the erection of a new market.



THE FLOOD ON THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI—MENDING A LEVEE.—Drawn by Charles Graham.

THE WESTERN INUNDATIONS.



MOLE, FERRY SLIP, AND DÉPÔT, OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY I. W. TABER.

MAYOR COOPER gave the project his particular attention, and having been perfectly satisfied of the honesty of the motive, gave the rebuilding of the Fulton Market his decided approval. Then all at once matters became easy. At the very last meeting of the Board of Apportionment for 1880, and in the final resolution, a sum of $80,000 was granted, and the days of the old market were ended. This explanation of the methods employed to have Fulton Market rebuilt forms an interesting chapter in the history of our municipal business, and is rather re-assuring than otherwise, for it shows that in the long-run the straightforward course is the only right one, and that reform is possible when the motives which actuate it are proved to be honest.

Those who have recently taken the ferry to Brooklyn at the foot of Fulton Street have seen the exceedingly handsome structure, of which we give an illustration rising from the ground. As the old building was torn down, the wonder arose how the ancient market could have stood at all, for the beams were dry-rotted, and the foundation had sunken.

The exact dimensions of the new building are: 206 feet on the South Street front, the same on Front, 161 feet 8 inches on Beekman, and 171 feet 5 inches on Fulton. The style is French Renaissance, in brick, with terra-cotta ornamentations, there being different medallions representing the many objects disposed of in the market. In making the foundations, 800 piles were driven, until they struck a hard bottom, varying from fifteen to thirty-five feet below the level of the ground. The old sleepers, put down in 1820, were found to be still in good condition, but though they had not sunk, they were out of line. When the market is completed it will have a superficial area of 34,000 feet. The roof is supported by sixty iron pillars of great strength, and there are numerous stone piers. There is a tower at each of the four corners, and there will be an elevation in both the Front and South Street fronts. In each tower there are rooms thirty feet square.

The first appropriation of $80,000 was for the removal of the three sides on Front, Beekman, and Fulton streets, and this construction is to-day almost completed. The outside shell having been finished, it remained with the city to complete the interior.

For this purpose an additional $100,000 has been given. With this amount the front on South Street and the interior will be built. This South Street front will be the more ornate portion of the building. There will be seven entrances. The front will be handsomely decorated in terra cotta, the whole plan of ornamentation on the other three sides being followed out.

Drainage has been most carefully considered. There are under-ground drains connecting with the stands, which may be flushed by the rain, or can be cleansed by water within the building. Formerly a limited supply of water was only to be had by connecting with the street. In the new plan there is a four-inch pipe leading directly through the building. On the three sides now built, where formerly there were cellars, the floor will be planked over, but in the middle square, where the ground is level with it, concrete will be put, and the whole of the area will be covered with an asphalt pavement.

On the Front Street side there will be a second story, which is to be rented out. The whole plan of the building permits, however, that when such an addition is wanted, this story can be continued all around the building.

In planning the building, the architect, Mr. DOUGLAS SMYTH, seems to have studied not only the conveniences necessary for a market, but to have evinced a great deal of good taste in the adornment of it, and even the most critical who see that portion of the building now erected can not but be well satisfied with its handsome appearance.

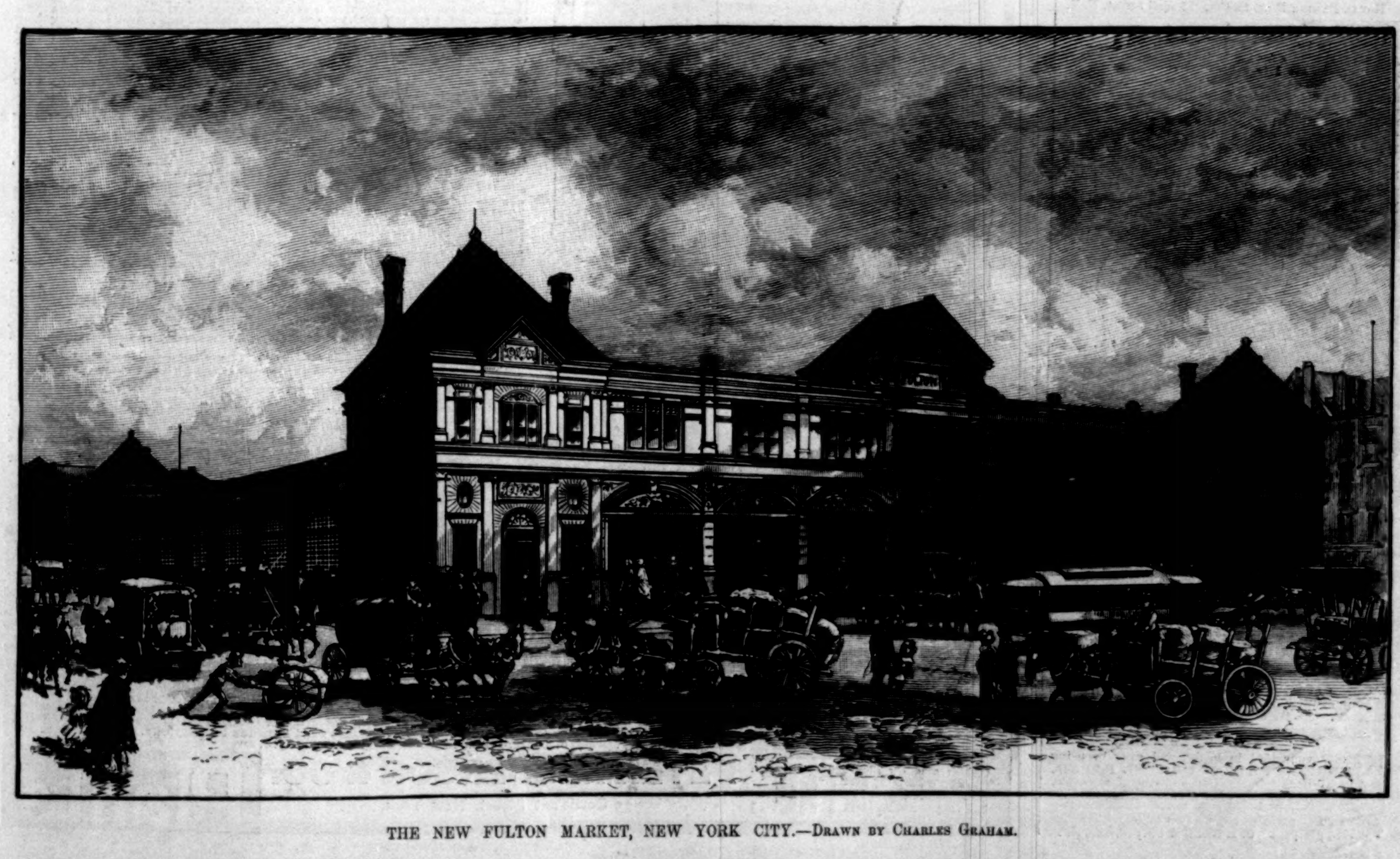
WESTERN END OF THE TRANS-CONTINENTAL RAILROADS.

OUR illustration shows the new ferry dépôt and slip at the end of Oakland Mole, San Francisco Bay, California. The structure forms the western end of the transcontinental railroad systems terminating in the Central and Southern Pacific railroads. Within this dépôt the overland passenger to San Francisco leaves the cars in which he has crossed the continent, and boards a ferry steamer (one of which is shown at her moorings outside the slip), which carries him across the bay to San Francisco. The distance between the two ferry landings is nearly four miles, and the average time of transit twenty minutes.

Oakland Mole is an embankment of riprap and earth, 6650 feet in length, connecting the eastern shore of San Francisco Bay with deep water. For a distance of nearly a mile it has a uniform breadth on top of 100 feet, which affords room for four railroad tracks and a carriage road. It broadens toward the dépôt and slip to 280 feet in breadth. The dépôt buildings cover an area 1100 by 240 feet. They form a light and graceful group, but they have been built with a proper regard for strength. They stand on a solid foundation of concrete, and are built of iron and wood. The slip is 600 feet in length, and wide enough to accommodate the largest ferry steamer on the bay.

The Mole and new ferry slip have been constructed as a substitute, for passenger traffic, for Long Wharf, a wooden pier about two miles in length, and used hitherto as a ferry landing on the Oakland shore. The rapidity with which the teredo honey-combed the piles of Long Wharf made it very expensive to keep in repair. It was also considered, on the same account, insecure, although no accident has ever occurred on it which has been traceable to that cause. Hereafter Long Wharf will be used solely by freight trains, and its slips and wharves will be devoted to loading and discharging deep-water ships.

It has taken over two years to build the Mole, and over a million cubic yards of material, quarried in the Coast Range thirty miles off, has been used in its formation. Nearly a year has also been consumed in the construction of the dépôt and slip. The entire structure as it stands to-day has cost the Central Pacific Railroad Company close upon a million dollars, nearly one-third of which has been spent on the dépôt buildings and ferry slip. One hundred and sixteen trains pass in and out of the dépôt daily. But the magnitude of the ferry service between Oakland and San Francisco will be better understood when it is said that on Sundays and other holidays from



THE NEW FULTON MARKET, NEW YORK CITY.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.

25,000 to 30,000 persons pass to and fro across the bay.

The Mole, dépôt, and slip were formally opened to passenger traffic on the evening of the 19th of January, a grand ball being held in the new buildings for the benefit of the Veterans' Home fund, and under the auspices of the railroad officers. Over 3000 persons attended the ball, which netted the Veterans' Home nearly $1300.

SARA JEWETT.

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This is to certify that I have used for ten years Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment, and during that time I have not paid $3 for doctors' bills. I have used it for pains and aches, dysentery, sore throats, cuts, and burns, and by its use have saved several children's lives when attacked by croup. To the public I say only try it and you will find its value. John T. Roberts.

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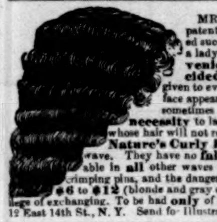

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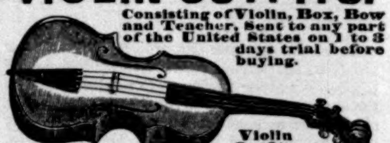

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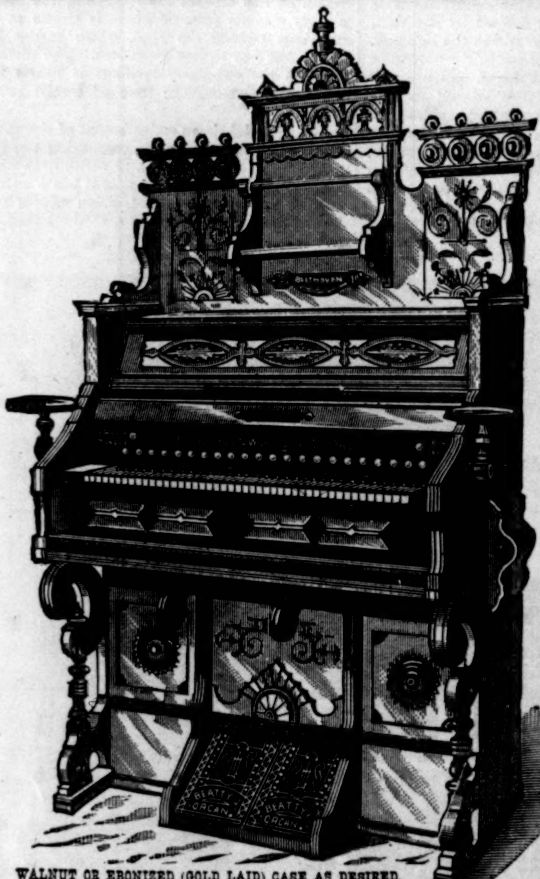

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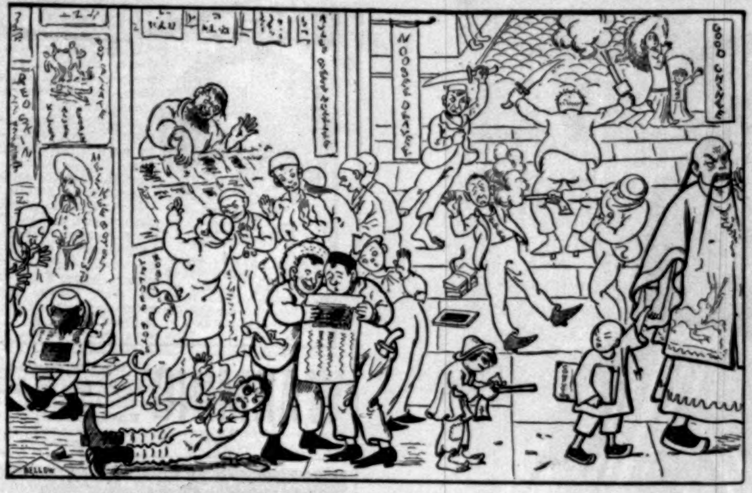

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